

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 3274—VOL. CXX

SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1902.

SIXPENCE



MIRIAM
(Miss Coleman).

EUGENE ARAM.
(Mr. Martin Harvey).

RICHARD HOUSEMAN
(Mr. S. B. Brereton).

"AFTER ALL," AT THE AVENUE THEATRE, JANUARY 15. SCENE FROM THE PROLOGUE: MIRIAM SEEKS REFUGE FROM THE MOB.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

A pleasing revelation is made by a Dutch journal, the *Nieuwe Rotterdamse Courant*. This organ of the "civilised world" does penance for the filthy libels it has spread about the British Army in South Africa, and confesses that it was hired for this job by the "Transvaal Ambassador." I commend this to the simple-minded people who still believe in the exalted motives of Dr. Leyds. There is a beautiful theory that the Boers, fighting against great odds, are justified in employing any available weapon. Are they justified in hiring Continental newspapers to poison the mind of Europe with foul lies, of which this Rotterdam journal is at last ashamed? It has long been notorious that the Boer agents have carried on this propaganda to inflame the world against us, and bring about intervention. They have been so far successful that they have filled Germany with gibbering lunatics; and although they have not forced the hand of the German Government, they have forced the Imperial Chancellor to use language which has excited strong resentment in Great Britain.

Some amiable persons, misled by their native goodness, believe that a soft answer always turns away wrath. They are for approaching the fighting Boer in a spirit of Christian brotherhood, and for turning the other cheek to the foreign calumniator. This way of seeking peace reminds me of the saying that, in statesmanship, half the time of the wise is spent in undoing the errors of the good. It is necessary to make the German people understand that we regard their ill opinion of us as compounded of arrogant stupidity and organised lying. Count von Bülow says they are "a well-bred people," and their breeding is attested by the popularity of every obscene blackguard who defames us in print or picture. No cartoon is too disgusting for display in German shops and on the railway bookstalls, except the bookstall at Potsdam, which has been disinfected because the Kaiser did not care to have constantly under his notice the pictorial scoundrelism which delights his cultivated subjects. Elsewhere there are no restrictions. The German Post Office transmits picture postcards which, in any decent community, would send the artist to penal servitude. The intellectual society of Munich revels in a publication called "The Boer War," enriched with "notes supplied by his Excellency the Transvaal Minister, Dr. Leyds." The "notes" are doubtless cashed at Munich as they were at Rotterdam. This publication numbers among its contributors distinguished professors, whose names are set forth in the *Times*, "men of good social position and of undeniable eminence in the literature and art of Germany"; and of their literary and artistic exercises the *Times* remarks: "It is difficult to find words to convey a notion of the filth which cultured German artists and writers venture to lay before cultured German readers."

I take from the *Times* one specimen of this filth, in which the "well-bred people" are wallowing. It is a cartoon, entitled "Hero Worship." "The (then) Princess of Wales, with Queen Victoria and the Prince of Wales standing beyond her, and with the young Princesses by her side, is decorating a youthful British soldier. The legend underneath this picture is, textually, 'English Princess decorating the youngest soldier in the British Army with the Victoria Cross because, although only thirteen years old, he has already outraged eight Boer women.'" Can you conceive the minds that invented and published this? What a sty must be the city where this is the recreation of professors, and where such unspeakable foulness is the cream of family reading, and the subject of "well-bred" conversation! True, there are Germans, far away from the breeding of Munich, who resent these abominable calumnies. A German lady at Johannesburg, whose sympathies are with the Boers, has written a letter full of pain and wonder at the disease that afflicts her countrymen. She describes the British soldier as we know him, brave, patient, cheerful, sentimental, full of kindness for women and children. When this German lady's little son meets Tommy Atkins, the soldier's first question is: "Which side are you on?" "I'm for the Boers," says the youngster. "That's right, sonnie," says Mr. Atkins, "stick to your own country." But to compare this simple and chivalrous soldier with the German man-at-arms is to "insult" the Fatherland, and throw all the truculent comedians of the Reichstag into a frenzy!

This is the arrogant stupidity with which it is useless to reason. The German Chancellor, who probably regards it with secret contempt, cannot afford to point out that the British Army, of which the Kaiser is a Field-Marshal, is just as civilised as the German, and that German opinion has been debauched by the astute Leyds. He must pretend that it is an attack on German honour to place the two armies in the same scale of humanity; and he must insinuate that the British Government has apologised. Arrogant stupidity can no

further go. The attitude of our Government and our people is summed up in the words of Mr. Chamberlain: "I withdraw nothing, I qualify nothing, I defend nothing." We do not crave the good opinion of Munich professors, or of the buffoon who told the Reichstag that the German fist must be shaken at our "insolent noses," and that the Colonial Secretary was "the most accursed scoundrel on the face of the earth." We do not argue with the educated journalists who describe that Minister as "the Lord Chamberlain," and inform their intelligent readers that when British soldiers are not deserting to the enemy, they are shooting their own officers in the back. The German Chancellor sees fit to humour his lunatics, instead of turning the Reichstag into a padded room; but we know now the exact quality of the "friendship" he professes for us.

This German sentiment is at present little more than the gnashing of toothless gums, for the German Navy is not yet strong enough to challenge our maritime supremacy. But Germany is flooded with pamphlets, which make no secret of the use to which the "well-bred people" will desire to put their strong navy, when they get it. The pamphleteers cannot contain their righteous anger at the spectacle of our "pirate" Empire. They propose to avenge the "civilised world" by robbing us of our Colonies. For the Boers they care no more than Bismarck cared for the Danes when he relieved them of Schleswig; but it is monstrous that England should own so much of South Africa, and should command the sea when she wants to send an army there. This is the business-like side of German antipathy, and it ought to increase the subscriptions to our Navy League. The League has been accused of exaggeration; but it is difficult to exaggerate the necessity of giving our naval armaments a strength so overwhelming that the dream of forcibly civilising the British Empire with the manners of Munich will be kept by the prudent Von Bülow within the refined area of German "literature and art." And as the "well-bred people" are fond of showing that they detest the American Republic as heartily as they detest Britain, I have no doubt that the naval authorities at Washington are quite alive to their responsibilities.

The new postage-stamp has not been welcomed with rapture. The King's head lacks the firm outline of his predecessor's, and there is a sort of Rembrandt effect of light and shade that is scarcely happy. As the original design by Mr. Emil Fuchs is clear and striking, he has some reason to complain that it has not received full justice in the printing. Such justice should have made it a portrait-head in a sense that did not belong to the Victorian stamp. Some of the best portrait-stamps are American, for the heads of several Presidents are lifelike. They come out sharp and vigorous as steel engravings. The King's head would have had the same strength if the design had not taken on a certain vagueness in the colouring. I see the *Lancet* delivers itself, not upon the artistic question, but upon the danger of the new stamp to the public health. The loyal citizen, it is feared, may keep the new stamp lingering on the end of his tongue while he dreams of the Coronation, and the lurking microbe may seize this opportunity to do him a mischief. I daresay there has been a conference of microbes to concert this plan. Let us hope the Post Office will give us an assurance that the new gum is fatal to microbes, but nourishing to loyal citizens.

There are some quaint old pictures in the British Monarchs' Exhibition at the New Gallery. My chief joy is a painting of Henry VIII. and his family; on one side of him Mary Tudor and Philip II., Philip very groggy about the knees; and on the other side Elizabeth, supported by two riotous ladies representing Peace and Plenty. Henry looks like the "beak," before whom Peace has been summoned for disorderly behaviour, proud of her numerous convictions. Behind Philip rushes in a Roman warrior armed with a huge club. He is Mars in person, eager to give Philip's groggy knees his moral support. This diverting work appears to have been painted by order of Elizabeth for presentation to Sir Francis Walsingham, who may not have seen the humour of it. I wonder whether Elizabeth was fond of portraits of her mother. Two in this collection show us a lovely woman, whose looks did not descend to her daughter, or to her grandson, Bacon. As the ingenious Mrs. Gallup has discovered and copyrighted a Bacon play, "The Tragedy of Anne Boleyn," I had some hopes that this would contain a melancholy prophecy by Anne of Elizabeth's unnatural behaviour to dear, disinherited Francis. But no; the whole play is coolly lifted from Shakspeare's "Henry VIII." At the New Gallery, one of the most interesting relics is some baby-linen made by Elizabeth when her sister Mary was vainly expecting an heir. Now, if Mrs. Gallup can obtain access to this, I have no doubt she will find the cypher stitched into the little shirt, revealing that Elizabeth really made it for her infant Francis.

THE CONDOR.

(Sarcorhamphus gryphus.)

The condor is the largest of the birds of prey, and is a native of South America. It is the chief representative of a small group of birds known as *Cathartides*, or American vultures, but they differ in so many anatomical features from the true vultures of the Old World that many observers do not consider them to be vultures at all, and relegate them to a separate "order" of birds. They have even been declared to be not birds of prey, but to be allied to the storks, and in their scavenging habits, their power of wheeling for a long time in the air at a great height, and from the way in which they resort to inaccessible cliffs to nest, the condors much resemble the marabou storks (*Leptoptilus*); but there the likeness ends, and for all practical purposes condors are birds of prey. Besides the great bird which forms the subject of our Illustration, there belong to the same group of *Cathartides* the king vulture and the smaller "turkey buzzards," two of which occur in North America. The condor itself is a bird of the Andes, in which it is found from Colombia to Chile, and in Eastern Patagonia its range extends northward to the Rio Negro: it is here found at lower elevations than in the Andean chain, where the birds are said by Mr. Whymper to inhabit a zone between 9000 ft. and 16,000 ft. The power of flight of the condor has always been described as most majestic, and the great expanse of wing sometimes attains to a spread of ten feet, and is even said to exceed these dimensions in some specimens. The American naturalists claim that a larger expanse of wing is found in the Californian vulture (*Pseudogryphus californianus*), a large black bird with a bare orange-coloured head and neck, which is found in the interior mountains of California; but the species is not more than half the bulk of a condor. Neither of these birds would equal a large albatross in expanse of wing, as the long and narrow wings of the latter bird sometimes attain to a spread of twelve feet.

Like the true vultures, the condor does not capture its prey in flight, for its feet, though of great strength, are deficient in grasping power; but it will attack wounded or dying animals, and it will fall upon helpless lambs or other young creatures. The condor also feeds on any carrion or dead body, for which it will search while wheeling round in the air at a great height.

The male condor is larger than the female, and has a black fleshy comb or wattle on the crown of the head, and in the adult bird the eye is brown. There is also a wattle on the throat and another on the chest. These wattles are absent in the female, which has a red eye. The young birds are brown, and apparently take some years before they gain the plumage of the adults.

R. B. S.

THE BISMARCK MONUMENT FOR HAMBURG.

In the successful design for the Bismarck Monument in Hamburg, the statue, which is by Herr Lederer, represents Bismarck as Roland, the famous paladin of Charlemagne. The architectural accessories are the work of Herr Schaudt, and the two artists' combined scheme has been selected after competition with 220 others. The Roland of the Carolingian legend is said to have been eight feet tall, and certainly Herr Lederer's presentment of Bismarck has amply dowered the latter-day national hero with the gift of stature. The sword on which the figure leans is the famous "Durandal," which the dying Roland flung into a poisoned stream.

THE REVIVAL OF "THEODORA."

After sixteen years Madame Sarah Bernhardt has revived Sardou's "Théodora" at the theatre which bears her name. Her acting, it is said, displays even more power than at the first production. By sheer force of vitality and personality the great actress seems to galvanise the whole company into new life. The staging of the piece is magnificent, particularly in the extraordinary circus scene, where Andreas, Theodora's lover, is put to death by order of the Emperor Justinian.

FENCING AT OXFORD.

A most interesting display of fencing, arranged mainly to encourage the art among women, was held in the Oxford Town Hall on Jan. 13. In addition to the actual exhibitions of sword-play, Miss Esmé Beringer and Mr. Egerton Castle gave a duologue, which enabled them to show their skill with sword and dagger; Mrs. H. M. Dowson (Miss Rosina Philippi) recited, and Mrs. Aylmer Jones sang with 'cello obbligato by Lieutenant-Colonel E. Aylmer Jones. The championship prize for correctness in foil-play was awarded to Mrs. W. H. C. Staveley. The pool with the duelling-sword was won by Mr. Egerton Castle, who was not touched. The Hon. Mrs. A. Cadogan was voted the prize offered for the fencer who contributed most to the general pleasure of the afternoon.

THE CAPTURE OF YOLA.

In a former issue we described fully the operations in Nigeria which led to the fall of Yola and the deposition of the Emir. During last summer the Yola people, who were notorious for slave-raiding, threatened a British Mission, under Major McClintock and Lieutenant MacGregor, as it was returning to headquarters at Jebba from the direction of Lake Tchad. During the autumn, expeditionary troops, under Colonel Morland, left Jebba on armed stern-wheel steamers. They disembarked at the nearest point to Yola, and after a determined fight captured the Palace. When the British flag had been hoisted on the Palace, the Acting-Governor, Mr. Wallace, met the leading chiefs in council, and having solemnly warned them that slave-raiding must cease, he crowned Buba Amadu, the fugitive Emir's brother, ruler of Adamawa. The new ruler was received with acclamation. The West African mails have now brought us photographs of the operations and consequent ceremonies.

THE WAZIRIS' LEE-METFORDS.

During the operations against the Mahsud Waziris, our troops found themselves at a considerable disadvantage, owing to the fact that the turbulent tribesmen were armed with Lee-Metford rifles. These had apparently been smuggled into Waziristan by unscrupulous traders. No fewer than four of our officers who were hit in the fighting during the early days of January were wounded by Lee-Metford bullets. The inaccessible passes of these hilly regions render strict guard very difficult, and a bold adventurer with an eye to the main chance might, by the exercise of some strategy, convey a considerable armoury of modern weapons to the rebellious Mahsuds.

THE ARO EXPEDITION AND "LONG JU-JU" RITES.

Considerable curiosity has been aroused by the news from Nigeria that the expedition against the hitherto inaccessible Aros had discovered the "long Ju-Ju." The "long Ju-Ju" is the name for the grimmest and most mysterious form of fetish-worship, and although no white man has witnessed the most awful of these rites, it is supposed that human sacrifice plays a very important part therein. The victim is bound to a cross, or, as in our illustration, to a convenient tree-stump, and there slain. By the unwritten law of these orgiasts, the victim escapes with his life if he can say that he sees the executioner's feet; but this is always rendered impossible in the manner which our picture makes plain. The number of sacrifices varies with the importance of the occasion. It is to rid the land of barbarities such as these that our present expedition has been undertaken.

THE GERMAN PLAYS.

"Rosenmontag," by Otto Erich Hartleben, was given on Jan. 14 at St. George's Hall, but on the whole the revival was scarcely as successful as the production at the Comedy last year. The action of the piece was slower on the present occasion, and in the hands of Max Eissfeldt, the hero was less manly and more emotional than when played by Hans Andresen. Fräulein Sella came over to England especially to resume her rôle of Gertrude Reimann, in which part she is particularly successful. "Rosenmontag" is a tragedy in military life. A young officer is in love with a girl of the working classes, but in this case it is by no means an affair *pour passer le temps*. His cousins, however, play providence, and succeed by a clever trick in separating the lovers. Appearances seem very black against Gertrude, and Hans Rudorff is determined to break utterly with her, and engages himself to a girl of his own set, pledging his word to his Colonel that the old affair is dead and buried. When he finds out that Gertrude is innocent, he throws prudence to the winds and resumes his former relations with her, proving a traitor to his Colonel and to his fiancée. Of course, Rudorff himself sees from the first that the position is an impossible one, and on the day his engagement was to have been made public he seeks death—but not alone, for with the responsibility of her downfall on his shoulders, he recognises the justice of Gertrude's request that he should not leave her behind. The *va et vient* of the barracks is well depicted, but, as is the case with so many of these German plays, it would be a distinct improvement if the five acts were to be condensed into four.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier has been invited to attend the Coronation. The Canadian Minister of Finance and Customs and the Postmaster-General, who are to take part in the Colonial Conference, will accompany the Premier, who will also bring with him a representative military contingent.

On Jan. 11 Bruce Hamilton chased Botha for seven miles, and sighted the Boer General's Cape-cart, but finally the fugitive slipped through our fingers. It is announced that Lord Kitchener is collecting remounts at Bloemfontein for the fresh troops who are coming from England. The Commander-in-Chief's intention is said to be to deal a crushing blow in order to secure, if possible, a peaceful Coronation.

Mr. Robert Arthur's pantomime, "Sweet Red Riding-Hood," is still attracting large audiences to the Kennington Theatre. This is hardly to be wondered at, for the cast is excellent and the production beautiful.

AT THE BOOKSELLERS'.

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GRAHAM-SIMPSON-CHAPLIN.—On Jan. 9, 1902, at St. Jude's Church, South Kensington, by the Rev. Prebendary Eardley-Wilmot, Vicar, Alex. Thomas Young, fifth son of the late William Graham-Simpson, banker, Newcastle-on-Tyne, to Alice Esther, eldest daughter of the late James H. Chaplin, of Lloyd's, and Mrs. Chaplin, of 28, Pen-y-wern Road, South Kensington, and the Red House, Hinton, Suffolk.

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THE LONDON HIPPODROME, CRANBURN STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE, W.C. Managing Director, Mr. H. E. MOSS. TWICE DAILY, at 2 and 8 p.m. AN ENTERTAINMENT OF UNEXAMPLED BRILLIANCE.

MOVERS AND SECONDEES OF THE ADDRESS.

The Earl of Harrowby, the Mover of the Address in the Lords, succeeded in 1900 his father, the fourth Earl, better known in an active Parliamentary career by his courtesy title of Viscount Sandon. The name stands for all that is honourable and well-intentioned in commercial and political life. The earldom has been in the Ryder family for nearly a century; and its wealth comes from Coutts and Co.'s Bank, of which the present peer is a partner. He was born in 1864, was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, held a commission in the Staffordshire Yeomanry, sat in the House of Commons for Gravesend for a couple of years, and married the Hon. Mabel Danvers Smith, youngest daughter of the late Right Hon. W. H. Smith.

The Earl of Lytton, the Seconder, in a maiden speech, of the Address in the House of Lords, bears a name which the talents of his father and his grandfather have made memorable both in politics and in literature. Several persons still living served in the same Government with Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, who won a barony for his family; and others there are who belonged to the Administration which sent the second Lord Lytton to India as Viceroy and to Paris as Ambassador, where his discharge of great duties advanced the family barony into an earldom. The second Earl of Lytton, who is twenty-seven years of age, is descended through his mother—a Villiers, and a niece of the fourth Earl of Clarendon—from a longer line of statesmen. He was born in Simla, got a good name at Oxford, and succeeded his father a little more than ten years ago. Knebworth House, the family seat of the Lyttons in Herts, which was built, or rather rebuilt, in Strawberry Hill Gothic by the present owner's grandfather, has been rented for some years by Lord Stratheona.



Photo, Elliott and Fry.
THE EARL OF HARROWBY.
(Mover.)



Photo, Lafayette.
THE EARL OF LYTTON.
(Seconder.)

IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.



Photo, Elliott and Fry.
COLONEL MCCALMONT.
(Mover.)



Photo, Bassano.
SIR EDGAR VINCENT.
(Seconder.)

IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Colonel McCalmont, the Mover of the Address in the House of Commons, is the son of Mr. H. B. B. McCalmont, barrister-at-law. Born in 1861, and educated at Eton, he afterwards joined the 1st Battalion 6th Royal Regiment, and subsequently the Scots Guards. Two years ago, as everyone remembers, he joined the group of legislators who left St. Stephen's for South Africa, and last year returned after a time of some trial. As a keen sportsman and a member of the Jockey Club, he makes good his special claims on the division which he has represented for seven years—the Newmarket Division of Cambridgeshire. He is also well known as a member of the Royal Yacht Squadron. Colonel McCalmont, whose C.B. dates from the year before last, married, in 1885, a daughter of General John Miller, who died four years later; and, secondly, in 1897, Winifred, daughter of General Sir Henry de Bathe, Bart.

Sir Edgar Vincent, the Seconder of the Address in the Commons, is chosen from the ranks of town members, the Mover belonging to those of the counties. Sir Edgar, who has sat for Exeter since 1899, is the youngest son of Sir Frederick Vincent, eleventh Baronet. He was educated at Eton, and joined the Coldstream Guards in 1877, but resigned his commission five years later. He then became Private Secretary to Lord E. Fitzmaurice, Commissioner for Eastern Roumelia, and subsequently held appointments as Commissioner for Evacuation of Territory ceded by Turkey to Greece; as representative of Britain and other Powers on the Council of the Ottoman Public Debt in Constantinople; as President of the Council of the Ottoman Public Debt; as Financial Adviser to the Egyptian Government; and, finally, as Governor of the Imperial Ottoman Bank of Constantinople. Sir Edgar married, in 1890, Helen, daughter of the first Earl of Feversham, and has his delightful country-house at Esher Place.

THE STATE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT: MOVERS AND SECONDEES OF THE ADDRESS.

THE PRESENTATION OF DISTINGUISHED CONDUCT MEDALS.



Photo, Dickinson.
MAJOR PHIPPS-HORNBY,
Who Commanded at Sanna's Post.



Photos, Harris.

THE PRESENTATION OF THE STATUETTE TO THE OFFICERS' MESS.

"FOR BRAVERY AT SANNA'S POST": LORD ROBERTS PRESENTING MEDALS AND A STATUETTE TO "Q" BATTERY AT WOOLWICH, JANUARY 13.

"Q" BATTERY V.C.'s

ELECTED BY THEIR COMRADES.

—*—

MAJOR

EDWARD PHIPPS-HORNBY

SERGEANT

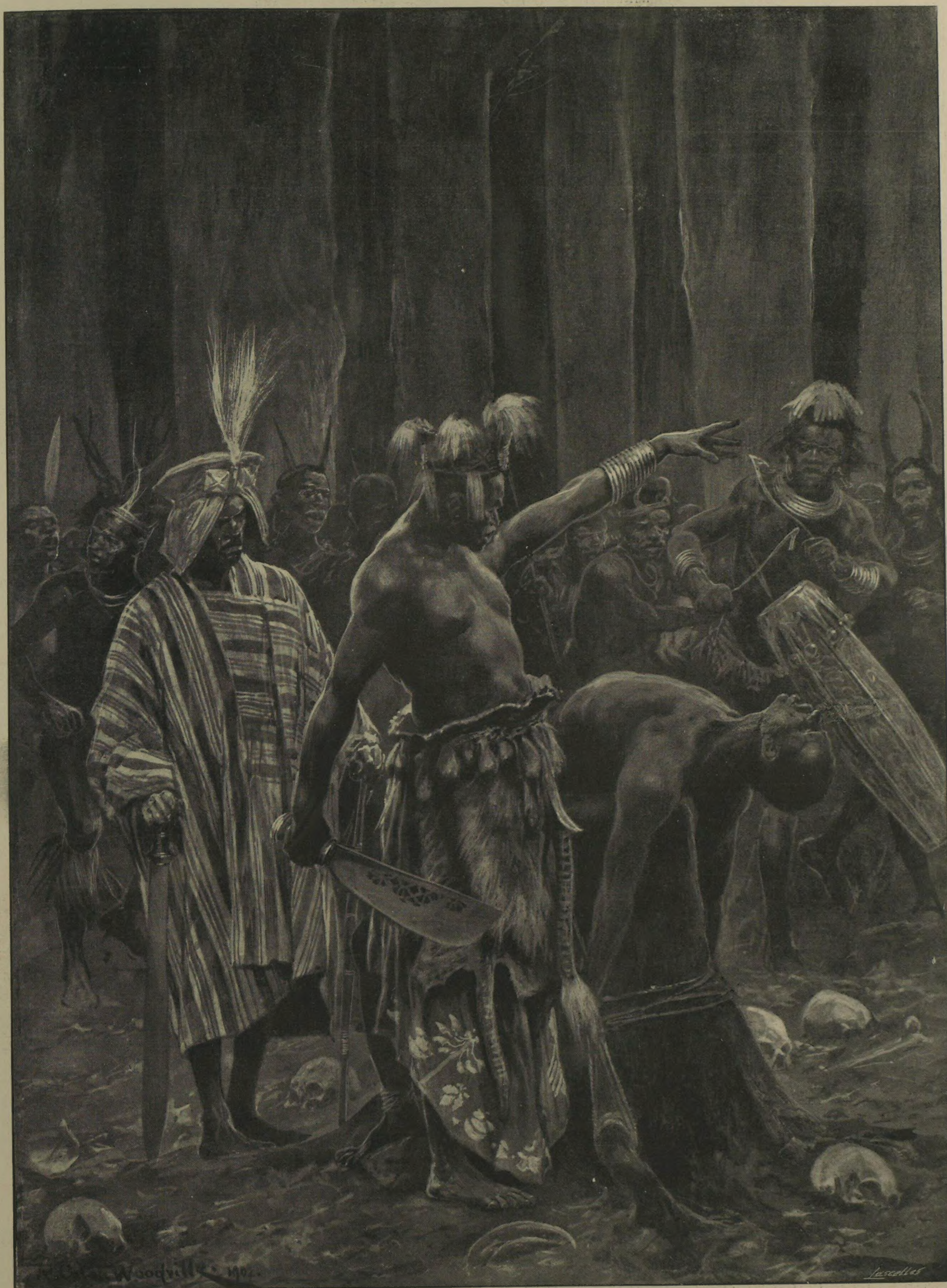
CHARLES HAYDON PARKER.

GUNNER

ISAAC LODGE.

DRIVER

HORACE HARRY GLASSOCK



THE SUPPRESSION OF "LONG JU-JU" RITES BY THE ARO EXPEDITION: A HUMAN SACRIFICE IN WEST AFRICA.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE FROM MATERIALS SUPPLIED BY AN OFFICER IN THE WEST AFRICAN FIELD FORCE.

"There happens more in the gloom of an African forest than mortal man at home ever dreamt of."

PERSONAL.

At noon on Jan. 15, his Majesty the King inspected 1200 men of the Guards' battalions, who left for South Africa on the following day. The men wore khaki with puttees and service hats. On the parade ground were Lord Roberts and other members of the Headquarters Staff.

The Dartmouth Harbour Commissioners received, on Jan. 14, official information of the intention of the King and Queen to visit the Royal Naval College at Dartmouth early in March. The principal ceremony will be the laying of a foundation-stone. An address is to be presented to the King, but the time at their Majesties' disposal will not allow it to be read.

There is no truth in the statement that Lord Rosebery will go to Italy soon after the meeting of Parliament, and "remain there some time."

Prebendary J. J. Hannah, the newly appointed Dean of Chichester, has already served for thirty years in that diocese. After graduating from Balliol College, and spending a short time at Cuddesdon, he took curate's duty, first at Brill, near Thame, and afterwards at Paddington and at Brighton, where he was presented to the Vicarage of St. Nicholas, and became Chairman of the School Board. Fifteen years ago the Bishop of Chichester appointed him Vicar and Rector of Brighton (with West Blatchington), and he became at the same time Prebendary of Hove Ecclesia in Chichester Cathedral. Since 1895 he has been Proctor in Convocation for the Clergy of the Archdeaconry of Lewes; and he was Chief Secretary of the Church Congress recently held in Brighton.

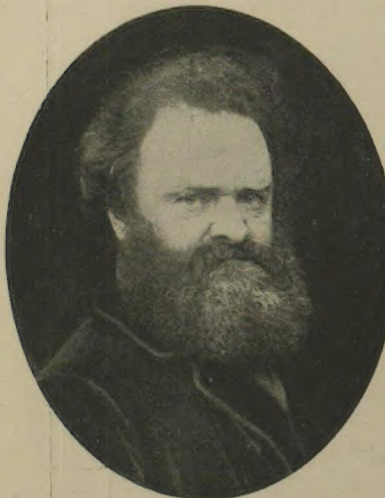


Photo, Russell.
THE REV. PREBENDARY J. J. HANNAH,
New Dean of Chichester.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman addressed to a remarkable company at St. James's Hall his meditation on the Chesterfield speech. The evening began with noisy demonstrations against Lord Rosebery. With these Sir Henry showed he had no sympathy by an earnest attempt to prove that his views and Lord Rosebery's about the war are identical. He said that Lord Milner ought to be recalled, and that we should seek peace by "assent, not by subjugation." Lord Rosebery said that to recall Lord Milner would "lower the flag," and that to beg the Boers to make terms would be "a fatal act of weakness."

Lord Milner reviewed the situation in a striking speech at Johannesburg. He said the war would be ended by squeezing the Boers in the field, and not by fidgeting about negotiations. The worst of the storm was over, and too much attention should not be paid to the Boers who were still fighting. The burghers who had surrendered, and especially those who had taken up arms for the British, deserved sympathy and conciliation. So did the Dutch who had remained loyal, and the British colonists who had sacrificed so much.

Mr. John Brett, A.R.A., who died at his residence at Putney on Jan. 7, was seventy years of age, and, beginning early, had enjoyed a long career as a painter, particularly of sea-pieces. At the beginning he was something of a Pre-Raphaelite, and had the suffrages of Mr. Ruskin, who wrote enthusiastically of his "Stone-breaker." "It is a marvellous picture, and may be examined inch by inch with delight; I know no such thistle-down, no such chalk hills and elm-trees, no such natural pieces of far-away cloud." Some early portraits of Mr. Brett include those of his close friends, Mr. Coventry Patmore and his "Angel in the House." Later, Mr. Brett settled down into sea-painting, his favourite scenes being found in Cornwall, in the Channel Islands, and on the South Coast.



Photo, Stephens.
THE LATE MR. JOHN BRETT, A.R.A.,
Painter of Sea-Pieces.

Sir Robert Giffen, in some interesting letters to the *Times*, declares the financial position of the country to be excellent, in spite of the war expenditure. He is in favour of increasing the indirect taxation, especially on tea, and of reducing the income-tax to sixpence by easy stages, beginning with a reduction to tenpence. The prospect is alluring, but not very definite.

Admiral Sir Edward Southwell Sotheby, K.C.B., whose death took place on Jan. 6 at his residence, 26, Green Street, Park Lane, was in his eighty-ninth year. Following in the steps of his father, who was an Admiral before him, Sir Edward entered the naval service. That was so far back as the year 1826. He was a Lieutenant in 1835, and got his promotion as Commander in 1841, after serving on the *Dido* during operations on the coast of Syria. Five or six years later he commanded the *Racehorse* in China and New Zealand during disturbances; and he had taken part on the *Sealark* in the suppression of the slave-trade before he got his Captaincy in 1852. During the Indian Mutiny he was in charge of a Naval Brigade which operated on shore, and was mentioned in no fewer than thirteen despatches. Sir Edward, who married in 1864 Lucy, daughter of Mr. H. J. Adeane, and granddaughter of the first Lord Stanley of Alderley, interested himself in the promotion of many charitable works, especially those tending to alleviate the condition of the blind.



Photo, Maull and Fox.
THE LATE ADMIRAL SIR E. S. SOTHEY,
Mentioned Thirteen Times in the *Gazette* during
the Indian Mutiny.

Mr. Richard Croker has formally resigned the leadership of Tammany, and proposes to enjoy his leisure in England.

At the sitting of the Court of Claims on Jan. 14, the Lord Mayor established his right, subject to the King's pleasure, to stand near the Sovereign at the Coronation. His Lordship's actual position is behind the Peers who carry the Swords of State. The plea was strongly substantiated by a print, which was produced in evidence to show that at the Coronation of James II. the Lord Mayor occupied the position he claims. The *London Gazette*, with the official account of the Coronation of Queen Anne, added confirmation. At the Coronation of Queen Victoria, the Lord Mayor of that period had allowed his history to get rusty, and, forgetful of his distinguished right, contented himself with a place among the spectators.

Colonel Sir Thomas Holdich, a member of the Tribunal of Arbitration appointed four years ago to deal with the Boundary dispute between Chile and Argentina, has now been authorised to act as a Special Commissioner to examine on the spot the areas under debate. Sir Thomas, who was born in 1843, and was educated at Woolwich Academy, entered the Royal Engineers in 1862, and had a good deal of employment before he retired from the active list. He served in Abyssinia in 1867, and in the Afghan War of 1878, as well as on political duty with the Afghan Boundary Commission in 1884. Six years ago he acted as H.M. Commissioner for the Perso-Beluch Boundary. He is a Gold Medallist of the Royal Geographical Society, and has written many papers on the subject of military and other surveying.



Photo, Elliott and Fry.
COLONEL SIR T. HOLDICH,
Member of the Chile-Argentina Boundary
Commission.

There is a mystery about Dr. Clark, late member for Caithness. He denies the statement that he has been visiting the Boer leaders in Holland, and has undertaken a mission on their behalf to President Roosevelt. The London correspondent of the *Paris Matin* affirms that Dr. Clark admitted to him both the visit to Holland and the mission to America. It is interesting to note that, in Dr. Clark's opinion, the war can be ended only by the subjugation of the Boers or the withdrawal of the British troops.

One of the most curious incidents of the campaign is the discovery of the grave of an important Boer General named Opperman. It was marked simply with his initials, and might have escaped notice but for the intercepting of a private letter from Viljoen, admitting that Opperman was dead. Evidently the fact was considered too discouraging by the Boer leaders to be openly mentioned.

On Jan. 14, while the Pope was giving an audience to a band of American pilgrims, his Holiness had a fainting fit, and had to be conveyed to his apartment. He shortly recovered, and the Vatican authorities announce that the indisposition was of no importance.

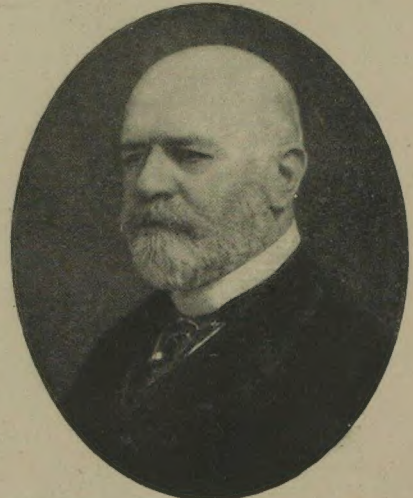
A veracious correspondent of a New York paper announces that a campaign has been opened in London against the employment of women on the Press. Nobody here has heard of this campaign, and the women seem to be unaware of the tyranny of which they are the victims.

An amusing inquisition has been made into the identity of "A. A.," author of a letter in the *Times* protesting against Mr. Kipling's poem "The Islanders," and declaring that older poets had written better verses, which, for patriotic reasons, they kept under lock and key. Many well-known men who have the same initials have disclaimed the responsibility of "A. A." The Poet Laureate, however, is not among them.

It is curious that since the publication of "The Islanders" the cricket news in the evening papers has not been so prominent as usual.

The Rev. Arthur Wagner, who died on Jan. 14, was Vicar of St. Paul's, Brighton, for fifty-two years, having been appointed to the position by his father when he was twenty-five years of age. Christ Church, All Saints', St. Peter's, St. Stephen's, St. Martin's, St. Bartholomew's, the Church of the Annunciation, St. Mary's, St. Mary Magdalene, and the Church of the Resurrection were all built by him, his father, brothers, and sisters.

The sudden death of M. Jean de Bloch is reported from Warsaw. Of Polish-Semitic origin, M. de Bloch was by profession a banker, and by election a Russian Councillor of State, but his fame was won by his study of political economy and of the theory of war. Indeed he was supposed to be the influence behind the Czar in promotion of the Peace Conference at the Hague. It was in 1898 that he published his six bulky volumes of "La Guerre," an abridged version of which, entitled "Modern Weapons and Modern War," was published in England. The first half of this exhaustive work dealt with the existing machinery of war by land and sea; then came a strict examination of the effects of standing armies on the social conditions of the world; and, finally, we had M. de Bloch's conclusions that war will be made impossible by the increasing deadliness and costliness of its modern methods, and that some other mode for the settlement of international disputes must be devised. The South African War did much to support many of the predictions of M. de Bloch, who lectured on this aspect of his work only a few months ago before the United Service Institution.

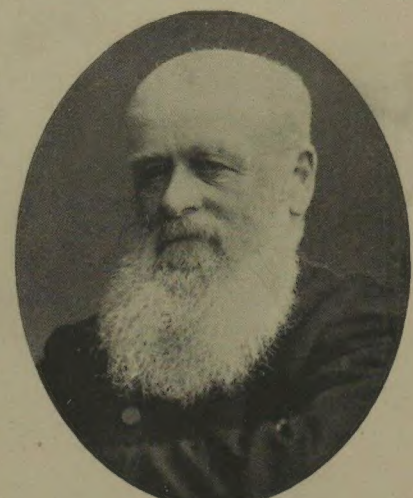


Photo, Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE M. DE BLOCH,
Russian Councillor and War Theorist.

The Marquis of Anglesey has produced a pantomime at his ancestral castle. The costumes he wears in this entertainment are valued at a quarter of a million sterling, being chiefly composed of costly jewels. The stage at Anglesey Castle is small, but it is said to be large enough to exhibit the noble pantomimist's dazzling person.

Admiral Prince Henry of Prussia is on his way to the United States to attend the christening of the Kaiser's new American racing-yacht. The ceremony is to be performed by Miss Roosevelt, and the Kaiser has exchanged cordial messages on the subject with the President.

The retirement of Prebendary Henry William Tucker from the Secretaryship of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts has been followed, after an interval of only a few months, by his death, which took place in Florence on Jan. 3. He was educated at Exeter Grammar School and at Hertford College, Oxford, where he graduated in 1854. Eleven years later he began, as Assistant Secretary, his long association with the S.P.G. Since 1879 he had been Secretary; and, from first to last, served under four Presidents—namely, Archbishops Longley, Tait, Benson, and Temple. On his retirement from a position to which he had brought a great and methodical mastery of detail, Prebendary Tucker was offered by Lord Salisbury the Deanery of Salisbury, which, however, his failing health impelled him to decline.



Photo, Maull and Fox.
THE LATE PREBENDARY TUCKER,
Ex-Secretary of the S.P.G.

It seems that the Richmond Hill view is to be preserved, after all. Mr. Max Waechter, Deputy Lieutenant of Surrey, has purchased Petersham Lodge, and will prevent the inroad of the builder. The estate lies in the forefront of the view from the hill.

It has been arranged that Lord Lansdowne's receptions of diplomatic representatives shall be held on Wednesdays, instead of Tuesdays, during the Session of Parliament.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

CONSUMPTION HOSPITALS.

It was in accordance with King Edward's deep interest in the investigation of phthisis that his Majesty should decide to devote Sir Ernest Cassel's munificent gift of £200,000 to the establishment of a sanatorium for the treatment of consumption and for research into the causes of the most terrible of diseases. Already there are in existence throughout the kingdom many institutions which are combating the ravages of phthisis. At Ventnor the Royal National Hospital for Consumption has carried on an excellent work for some thirty-three years. Its treatment is based on the principles of rest, regulated exercise, food, and fresh air. Of the "open-air treatment" pure and simple, the Mount Vernon Hospital at Hampstead and Northwood claims to be the pioneer. In its balconies and open-air wards many patients have made steady progress since the experiments were instituted in 1898. The Brompton Hospital has adapted part of the existing building to the open-air treatment,

and Driver Horace Harry Glascock. Lord Roberts, in making the presentation, sketched the history of the battery since it was raised in 1834 as the third troop of Bombay Horse Artillery.

THE CHILDREN'S BALL AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

The children's fancy-dress ball at the Mansion House, the most picturesque function of the Mayoral year of office, was held on Jan. 8. The little guests were received by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress in the Saloon, and lost no time in beginning the evening's enjoyment—some dancing in the Egyptian Hall to the music of the Scots Guards' band, others revelling in the delightful rascality of Mr. Punch, the mysteries of the conjurer's art, or the excellent displays of shadow-graphy and the cinematograph. The costumes were, as usual, varied and brilliant; each of the apartments devoted to the guests was a veritable kaleidoscope. Lord Nelson and the Duke of Wellington hobnobbed with a "pearlied" Little Nipper; the Last of the Dandies with a student of the Quartier Latin; Beefeater with Matador. Miss May Dimsdale, daughter of the Lord Mayor, made a very dainty Catherine of Russia. A novel feature was introduced in the march-past, when pipers of the Scots Guards preceded the children. Among the grown-up guests were the Master of the Rolls and Lady Henn Collins, Lord Justice Channell and Lady Channell, the Japanese Minister and Baroness Hayashi, and General Sir H. Gough and Lady Gough.

A UNION CASTLE LINER ASHORE.

At one o'clock on the morning of Jan. 14, during a thick fog, the *Braemar Castle* went ashore off Cowes. There was no panic, and in a few hours passengers and mails were taken off and conveyed to Southampton on a tender. In the afternoon four tugs tried to float the vessel off, but without success. There were hopes, however, that the next high tide would release her. Fortunately the *Braemar Castle* went aground on a soft bank, and is believed to be uninjured.

H.M.S. LONDON.

His Majesty's new battle-ship *London*, upon which it is probable the Prince of Wales will fly his flag at the



Photo. Knight, Aldershot.

THE NEW METHOD OF CARRYING THE CAVALRY RIFLE: A CORPORAL OF THE QUEEN'S BAYS WITH THE NEW ACCOUTREMENT.

A large leathern bucket is suspended by straps to the saddle on the near side, and into this the butt of the rifle freely drops. The sling, which is secured to the muzzle of the rifle by a small loop, is carried over the left shoulder of the rider.

Coronation Review at Spithead, is now undergoing her official trials. She was laid down in 1899, is 400 ft. from stem to stern, has a displacement of 15,000 tons, and a complement of 750. Her boilers are Belleville, twenty in number. She carries four 12-inch guns, twelve 6-inch Vickers, eighteen 3-inch quick-firers, twelve 3-pounders, and eight Maxims, and is fitted with four submerged 18-inch torpedo-tubes. The armour belt tapers from the amidships 9 inches to 4 inches when 30 ft. from the bow; the rest is 2 inches thick. The other armour is uniform with the *Formidable* class, but is Krupp instead of Harvey nickel.

THE NAVY OF FRANCE.

The effective fighting fleets of Great Britain and France challenge comparison most markedly in the number of their respective torpedo-boats and torpedo-boat destroyers. Our neighbours across the Channel rely largely upon the former, and their flotilla exceeds ours by 88—rather less than two to one, the exact figures being Great Britain 99, France 187; we, preferring to maintain our policy of defence rather than offence, outnumber their destroyers by five to one. Taking the war-vessels, built and building, as a whole, our fleet totals 469, and that of France 292. France has 13 battle-ships of the first class, and 21 of the second and third; 14 coast-defence ships; 55 first, second, and third-class cruisers; and 21 first-class gun-boats. With submarines, the utility of which in warfare has to be proved, she leads easily, having 4 complete and 11 under construction, compared with Great Britain's 5 under construction, and America's 1 complete and 7 under construction.

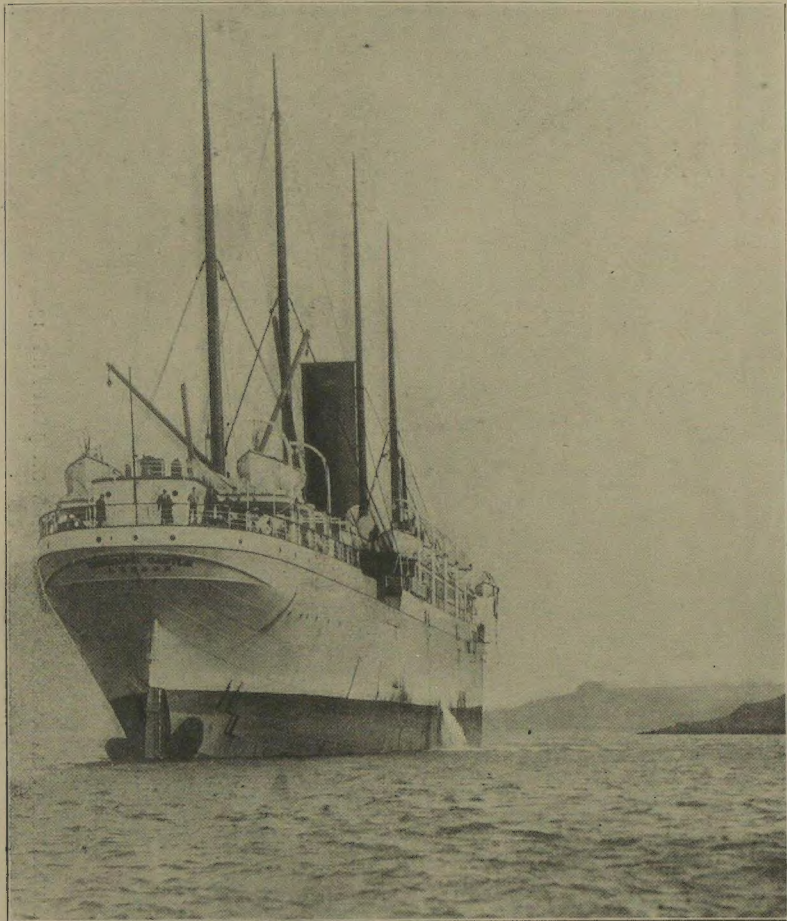


Photo. Debenham and Son.

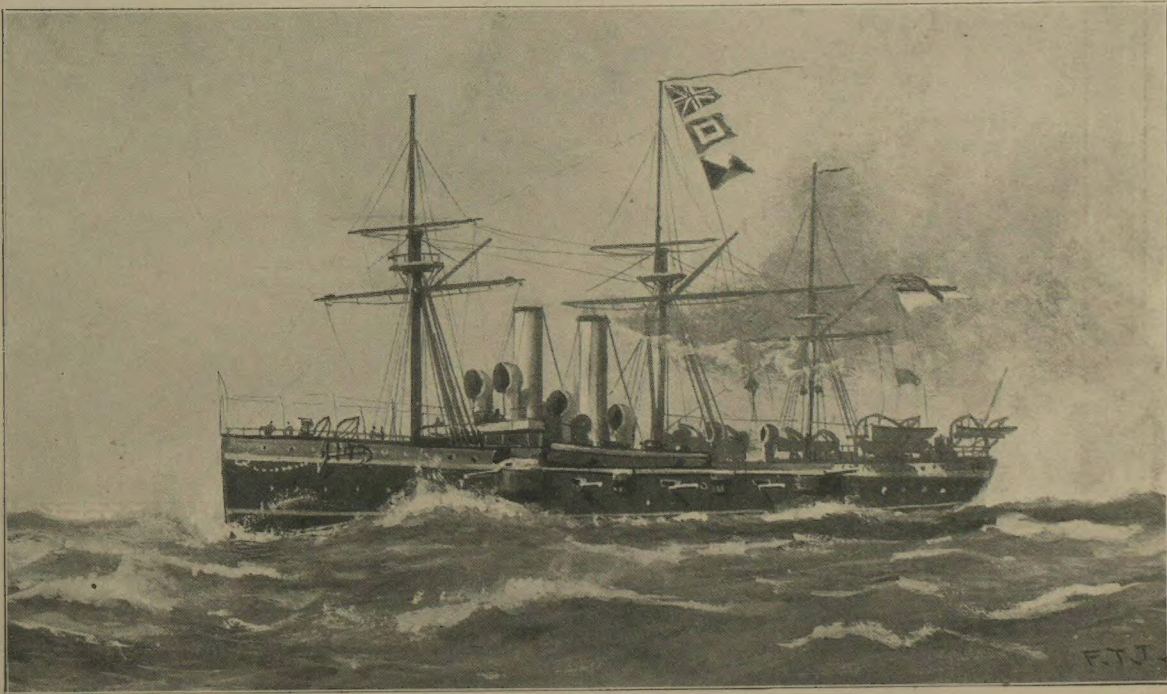
THE UNION CASTLE LINER "BRAEMAR CASTLE" ASHORE BETWEEN GURNARD AND THORNESS BAYS, ISLE OF WIGHT.

This photograph was taken from a boat at 11 a.m. on January 14. An unsuccessful attempt was made to tow the vessel off between one and two o'clock.

which has given very encouraging results. This institution will shortly open a country branch at Heatherside, near Bagshot. At the end of the present month the Nottinghamshire Sanatorium will be opened on Ratcher Hill, Sherwood Forest. It occupies a magnificent site, presented by the Duke of Portland. This hospital is entirely for the poor, and has been built mainly by private subscription, with some help from public bodies. At "Nordrach in Wales" there is another hospital. At the National Sanatorium at Bournemouth and at the Manchester Hospital for Consumption the open-air treatment is practised with gratifying results. At St. Raphael's, St. Luke's, and St. Barnabas' Homes at Torquay the method is not strictly followed, but fresh air is an important factor in the cure. The Liverpool Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest was established in 1864. It is situated at Mount Pleasant. At the Victoria Consumption Hospital, Edinburgh, the Foster Green Hospital for Consumption, Belfast, and the Westmoreland Consumption Sanatorium, good work is also being done.

THE SANNA'S POST DECORATIONS.

At Woolwich on Jan. 13 Lord Roberts presented decorations to the officers and men of "Q" Battery, which, together with "U" Battery, won such distinction in the Sanna's Post affair. "U" Battery is still on active service, but "Q" Battery returned from South Africa a few days ago, and is now stationed at Woolwich. Lord Roberts, who was accompanied by Lady Aileen Roberts, was received on his arrival by Major-General Maurice and Staff, by whom he was escorted to the parade-ground, the Middlesex Regiment forming a guard of honour from the station. After the presentation of medals to the officers and men of "Q" Battery, Lord Roberts presented the Distinguished Conduct medals; and, lastly, to the officers and men a silver statuette representing Armed Science. The inscription on the pedestal recalls the gallantry of the battery on the memorable 31st of March, 1900, and how in recognition of that affair, four Victoria Crosses were awarded, and the following members of the battery were elected by their comrades to receive them: Major Edward J. Phipps-Hornby, Sergeant Charles Haydon Parker, Gunner Isaac Lodge,



H.M.S. "AMPHION," REPORTED STRANDED NEAR ANTIGUA.

DRAWN BY F. T. JANE.

A Vancouver telegram announces that the "Amphion" struck a reef and was considerably damaged, but was able to reach port safely. She is a second-class cruiser of 4300 tons, and was commissioned in 1900.

F E N C I N G F O R W O M E N .

DRAWN BY G. AMATO, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT OXFORD.



THE EXHIBITION OF SWORD-PLAY AT OXFORD TOWN HALL ON JANUARY 13.

CONTRABAND OF WAR ON THE WAZIRI FRONTIER.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



SMUGGLING ARMS INTO WAZIRISTAN.



Simon of York

By Max Pemberton

ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

[In which are narrated some episodes in the life of a very foolish fellow, Simon Montlibet, commonly known as Simon of York, who was a student of the University of Paris in the year 1480, and thereafter, carrying little from Paris but a cracked crown and the girdle of St. Thomas, came over to the city of Oxford, which treated him very scurvily, as the histories bear witness.]

No. II.

WHEREIN SIMON IS OF SERVICE TO CALLOT THE TANNER.

IN the University of Paris, as it existed at the end of the fifteenth century, it was common to speak of certain quarters of the Pays Latin as those of the English or German or Spanish nation; such a term implying no distinction of class-room or theatre, but merely the nationality of the students which the streets harboured. Such a plan, obvious as were many of its advantages, was attended, nevertheless, by certain dangers which must exist wherever youth is congregated. Divided by the quaint streets and narrow alleys of that picturesque old Paris which lay as a nest of red roofs and tottering gables upon the left bank of the Seine, nation at certain times and seasons of turbulence lifted its hand against nation, and, forgetting the finer lessons of pulpit or school-room, came out from its own city as from a camp of mercenaries awaiting battle. A rough age, these brawls rarely ceased before the gravest injury had been inflicted both upon the combatants and the city; and it is even-written that upon the feast of All Saints, in the year 1479, no less than fifty Spaniards, twelve Germans, and twenty-two Frenchmen perished in the mêlée. On a later occasion—and of that we are about to speak—the loss of human life was not so serious; but fire added its terrors to riot, and peace was not restored before many houses had been burned and the Church of the Virgin upon the river-bank utterly destroyed—all of which disasters were the fruit of a ridiculous misunderstanding, as this narrative makes clear. Nor is the part which the Englishman, Simon of York, played in them insignificant or without its lesson.

Now, Simon lived, naturally enough, with the English nation; and, in spite of his follies, his great earnestness and solemnity, added to the good character which he carried from the great Abbey of Fountains, served him well with his fellows, and they would often listen to him when deaf to the call of authority. "Simon the Saint," they were wont to call him; and if this were carrying things a little far, nevertheless it is certain that law and order in the English quarter owed not a little to Simon the foolish, as the Rector himself was well aware. This reputation, and the obedience which it rarely failed to obtain, served Simon of York in many curious ways. Always a favourite of the Cardinal, Charles de Bourbon, he became a person of some importance in the University; was given a formal place in the schools, and generally named for an example of many excellent virtues. Even the most turbulent among his fellow-countrymen, who crossed the seas from England to sit at the feet of French doctors were influenced by this odd intellect, and in a measure controlled by it. Some even accounted him more potent for good than the staves of the Rector's guard. Let Simon of York, they said, come upon his brethren in their tipsy revels, and the song was hushed, the oath forgotten, and some attempt at a common decency, at least, preserved. Moreover, it is recorded that the notorious swashbuckler, Robert of Lincoln, feared Simon's rebuke more than all the Rector's edicts; and of this a very pretty story is told, not only in the formal Latin of the University records, but also in the lighter French of contemporary historians.

Simon had been, at that time, a full year at the University. His life, they said, was so well ordered and regular that even the great sundial before the church of St. Jacques was not more sure than his daily journeys to and from the schools of the doctors. Every morning, at the hour of six, he went to the Mass. Every night at curfew he returned to his house in the Rue d'Arras and lighted his mean lamp. If he were late, the neighbours said, "The young man sups in my Lord Cardinal's kitchen." Neither footpads nor beggars would stop Simon of York. His sleek, ascetic face, his close-cropped hair, his shabby suit of black would tempt no robber nor draw the cutpurse from his corner. Blithely he walked to the schools, blithely he returned, book in hand, and psalm upon his lips. If any parleyed with him, it would be a neighbour to give him good-night, a friend

to say, "I need your wisdom, Simon." They looked for his lighted window as for tidings of the hour.

All this was well enough; nevertheless, the evening came when Simon not only did not light the lamp in his window at the hour the neighbours looked for it, but also was absent from his lodging until the morn of the following day. Such an unusual event stirred, it is needless to say, the Rue d'Arras to the very depths of surmise and wonder. While the men shook their heads and hinted that even the saints could trip, the women were all for the story of an assault and robbery, and cried that the Rector should be told and the guard sent out. Nursing a tender sentiment for this simple fellow (many of them could testify to his virtue), they brooked not the tongues of scandal; but standing up bravely for their story, they despatched the men hither-thither for news of the sheep which was lost. While they are waiting for the story, let us follow the foolish Simon, and see what has become of him.

He had left the Cardinal's house at his accustomed hour of nine o'clock, and traversing the quarter given over to the German nation, had entered the Rue de la Harpe, and so set his face for home and bed. Much refreshed by the savoury ragout and the rich red wine to which Chicot, my Lord's cook, had helped him, Simon went with light step and guileless heart through the stinking streets and alleys of that evil-smelling city of Paris. For the life and gaiety about him, the garish light of taverns, the roistering songs of masqueraders, he cared not at all. Pretty women at their casements could not so much as turn his head for a sly peep or a jesting word. The wit, the oath of tipsy revellers, was answered by silence or a blessing. Steadfastly he pursued the narrow way, and would have pursued it even to the gateway of his house but for pretty Marguerite, the tanner's daughter, who, at the very corner of the Rue de la Harpe, threw her arms about his neck and beseeched him to hear her.

"Monsieur, whoever you may be, for the love of God, save my father's life this night!"

Simon was much embarrassed to find a pair of soft arms about his neck, nor did it make any difference that the girl was exceedingly pretty, and such a one as many would have suffered willingly. To Simon, woman stood but for a single figure, having, as the monks at the Abbey had taught him, kinship with the devil and other naughty attributes. Disengaging himself, therefore, with an effort, he bade the girl take heart and go elsewhere for assistance.

"I have no skill in physic, being but a simple Latinist," said he very earnestly. "If your father is ill, a barber-surgeon will bleed him and prepare a draught of herbs. I am very sorry for you; but the hour is already late and my books await me. Excuse me, therefore, I beg of you."

This he said with that fine air and finer phrase which became his ecclesiastical state; but very greatly to his surprise the pretty Marguerite would have none of it, and clinging to his arm, she redoubled her supplications.

"I do not seek a barber-surgeon, nor can he help us. There are six in the house, and Robert of Lincoln threatens my father with the sword. The great wine-keg is broached and will be drunk ere morning. You are an Englishman, and can reason with them. For pity sake do not refuse me!"

Simon was greatly surprised at this story, and not a little troubled. Drunkenness stood in his eyes for a very heinous sin; and he lost no opportunity of preaching abstinence and other ascetic virtues. When, therefore, he heard that tipsy fellows were threatening the peace of the night, and that they were Englishmen, he hesitated not a moment, but bade the girl conduct him to the house.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "this is indeed a very shameful business. Be good enough to show me the house that I may learn more of it."

Marguerite was delighted at this very gracious answer, and clapping her hands joyfully and thanking the angry Simon with her big black eyes, she ran on down

the street and led him to the house. Had he been in any doubt as to which was the abode of the tanner Callot, a glare of light in the windows, together with the turbulent cries which fell upon his ears, would have settled the matter beyond all question. Indeed, half the street was awake, and the vintner Marget, who had recently brought his bride to Paris, and who lodged upon the first floor of the house, stood at his casement twenty times in as many seconds to ask what, in heaven's name, the din was about. To him Simon first spoke.

"It is Robert of Lincoln at his games again," said he. "Do you go to bed, Monsieur, and leave him to me. I have a whip for that horse, and he will soon go galloping, I promise you. Help me by calling as little attention as possible to this disgraceful business."

He ran up the stairs with the words, and burst into the room where his countrymen were assembled. Such an orgie as he then discovered could, he said, have been found only in this abominable city of iniquity. Simon thought that the devil was in the house. Let us, then, peep into the room with him and behold the cause of his distress.

It was a spacious room upon the second floor of the house, and the month being February, a big fire blazed upon an open hearth. What light was in the place was shed by flickering torches set in iron sconces. A stuffy odour of wine and sack permeated the whole apartment, and made it evident that a great deal of strong liquor had recently been consumed there. As for the company gathered in the room, it was altogether characteristic of the age and the University. And first of Maître Callot himself. Robert of Lincoln, a burly fellow, in a bright green doublet, held the tanner at the sword's point, pinned to the wall as a cloth that waits the nail. Never was heard such a bawling and a din. What with the tanner's cries and Master Robert's threats, and a shout from this one for wine and from that one for water, the house might have been burning. Elsewhere you might see little William of Paisley with his body in a barrel and his head upon the rim; while other students from Bristol and the North danced altogether about the barrel, and made believe it was a maypole. And mingled with that fearsome din there was heard, ever and anon, as in the hush of the tempest, the voice of Marget the vintner, who begged them, for God's sake, to let his young wife sleep.

Simon of York burst in upon this company as a sleek figure of justice and retribution. Standing there, with angry eyes and upraised staff, he cried shame upon the brawlers.

"And is it you, Robert of Lincoln, whose uncle is a priest—and you, William of Paisley, that have known the Lord Abbot's kindness—and you—and you! Shame on you all—shame on you, for honest Englishmen, to treat a good man so! Nay, I'll have no excuses! If you do not go this very minute, to-morrow sends you out of Paris with the idler's brand upon your arms! Oh, Robert, Robert, that was your father's hope!"

He spoke with such a habit of authority that for a little while no one dared to answer him; but presently Robert of Lincoln, lowering his sword, and plucking at his doublet shamefacedly, made bold to excuse himself.

"I was my father's hope—yes; but that puts no liquor into the barrel. What is not is not, as the statist says. Here's this man with good red wine, and little William of Paisley with nothing but the barrel. I ask you what sense there is in that. Let him give us the wine and we'll give him the barrel. I speak fair, as one that loves a bargain."

Callot the tanner, who was very grateful to Simon, and not a little surprised at his authority, hastened in his turn to add to this somewhat incoherent argument.

"The keg of wine was a present from Marget the vintner. How can his wife sleep while this goes on? If I broach another, they will assuredly be drunk. That's no kindness to Robert of Lincoln, or any other. As for the little man there, he has a devil in him, that's sure. Who else would get into a wine-vat when there



Simon of York burst in upon this company as a sleek figure of justice and retribution.

"SIMON OF YORK."—BY MAX PEMBERTON.

is a stone jug on the chimney? They are all mad, and the Rector must know of it. A fine thing that a man must act like this in my house! But I shall make my report, and then we will see!"

It was a very unfortunate speech, as the thing proved; for no sooner had the worthy Callot said, "We shall see!" than, all together, the students lifted their voices in a catch of the Pays Latin, "Nous verrons Marmelot," and for many minutes the rafters trembled at the discordant sounds. In vain did Simon of York wave his staff and beseech them to hear him. Marget the vintner, in the room below, began to dress himself and to cry for the watch. The neighbours came out from their houses, and made bold to say that the English should be banished from Paris.

Now, the masterful Simon was very angry that his authority should thus be flouted; and when he found himself unable to get a hearing, his temper overcame him, and seizing a bucket of water that stood by the door, he poured it upon the head of William of Paisley and cried, "Exorcise te, diabolus!" This formula for the exorcisation of devils, he repeated many times, an imprudent act, and one of which he quickly repented. For no sooner had he lifted the bucket than Robert of Lincoln must jump from the table and seize another; and tipsy students from Bristol and tipsy students from the North, each seizing buckets in their turn, began to splash the water here and there, crying: "Exorcise te, creatura aque!" In a twinkling the room was flooded. Down the stairs into the street the stream poured, splashing the walls, eddying in the gutters, dripping through the chinks even upon the bed where lay the vintner's bride. Not only did it bring that worthy to the door, but his young wife stood with him, and together they asked in great fear where the fire had broken out. This question was answered neither by Simon nor by the tanner, but by little Marguerite herself, who, nursing a tender sentiment for William of Paisley, had crept timidly up the stairs to discover what the matter was. Beholding her lover in such a parlous state, her one thought was to seek help for him. So she ran from the house and told everyone as she went that they had killed William of Paisley, and put his body in a barrel.

This was truly a serious accusation, and the neighbours heard it with unwilling ears. Fearful always of the English nation, they began to tell themselves that such an atrocious deed would not pass unavenged; but that the English would come, sword in hand as their custom was, to demand justice. Caring little for Callot the tanner, but much for their own skins, some of them went running presently to those places in which Englishmen were known to live, and, beating at the doors, they cried: "They have killed William of Paisley and put his body in a barrel!" Such a cry at an epoch when men took up arms with as little thought as now they take up a pen was not to go unanswered. Late as the hour was, and hushed the quarter, many minutes had not passed before such a brawl began as even the Pays Latin had rarely known. From quaint crooked streets, from old gabled houses and the purlieus of the school, even from the monastery's gates and habitations of the priests, the sturdy Englishmen came out in answer to the summons. Soon you beheld torches aloft, and arms glittering in the garish light. The tocsin of St. Jacques rang dismally. From the church of Notre Dame in the fields even to the river's bank the hubbub spread. Little companies of students, their flambeaux waved on high, called now for this leader, now for that, to avenge the infamy. Some said that a hundred were slain; others told you that fifty had been ambuscaded, while all ran from street to street, impatiently seeking the

before them), they had all gone off good-humouredly with that pretty song, "Nous verrons Marmelot," upon their lips. Marget the vintner and his young wife, Françoise, fearing a dripping couch, had taken refuge in the house



THE MUSIC IN THE PINES.

FROM THE PAINTING BY GEORGE H. BOUGHTON, R.A.

of a neighbour; and Maître Callot himself was alone to answer the mob and to assure the enraged students of their folly. Indeed, when at first he heard the tramp of that angry army, he believed it to be the Rector's guard, or, perchance, the Cardinal's arquebusiers out upon a work of urgency. There was no more astonished man in all Paris that night when, at last, he opened his casement and saw what kind of a company had come out to serenade him.

We will sing thy beard for thee!" "Beat in the doors and let us have the truth!" "A curse upon the house that harbours such a villain!"

These and like exclamations rent the air; and it is to be imagined with what feelings of terror Maître Callot heard them. For now it dawned upon him, as in a flash, that these were the Englishman's friends, and that they believed him, Gaspard Callot, to be a murderer. They would break down the doors, he said, and burn the house. His knees trembled under him at the thought. He clutched the casement and implored pity for God's sake.

"Gentlemen, I swear by the Cross! Listen to me. Your friend left this house ten minutes ago. He has gone with Simon of York, in whose lodgings I do not doubt you will find him. Come, this is a merry jest; but we have had enough of it. I would harm no man, God knows! They came here and broached the keg—is that my fault? They broached the keg—!"

"Ay, and it serves him for coffin! Oh, we know! Hold your peace, assassin, and say your prayers! We are coming in to sup with you, Callot!"

They beat with redoubled fury upon the great door below, so that its hinges began to crack and its panels to be split. At the other end of the street the Rector's guard, forcing the mob before it, was met by fierce oaths and doughty English cudgels. Callot, half dead with fear, fled up the stairs, and climbing from an attic-window, began to crawl over the roofs to the priest's house. He cried all the time that Robert of Lincoln had broached a keg, and that he, Callot the tanner, was as good as a dead man. The students in the street below, bursting in at last, mounted as an angry flood from room to room, wrecking all, devastating all. Into the street now went bed and table, barrel and flask. The very windows were smashed, the very floors broken. In the end they began to cast torches into the empty rooms, and, anon, the tocsin of Notre Dame let the whole city know that the Rue de la Harpe was burning.

The soldiers saved the city with the loss of two streets and the Virgin's Church upon the river's bank. A kindly wind blowing northward carried the flames to the water-side and there stayed them. Five of the Englishmen fell before the Cardinal's arquebusiers; there were three of the guards killed, and some fifty in all, people and soldiers, very sorely wounded. Callot the tanner saved a dented drinking-cup and a rusty sword from the wreckage; and began life anew upon those. But Simon of York returned to his lodging on the following morning, and again took up his study of the saintly doctor.

"There are two streets burned," said he; "and many people grievously wounded; and, God knows, if I had not exorcised that devil in the barrel, Paris herself might have been destroyed!"

(End of "Simon of York" No. 2.)

THE PINES AND THE SEA.

Mr. G. H. Boughton seldom yields so entirely to the influence of the symbolic as he has done in "The Music in the Pines," exhibited in last year's Academy. As a landscape and figure painter he is perfectly familiar to the frequenters of art galleries, but they will probably have to think for some time before they recall another example where he has personified the spirit of landscape. "The Music in the Pines," in point of conception, can hardly claim any great originality or subtlety, and although the appropriateness of the harp cannot be cavilled at, it is certainly not easy to reconcile the cymbals with the main idea. Apart, however, from these points of



HERRING-FISHERS OFF KILDONAN CASTLE, ISLE OF ARRAN.

FROM THE PAINTING BY COLIN HUNTER, A.R.A.

place of battle. Anon, the better-informed met the outposts, and said that the Rue de la Harpe was their direction; and into this unfortunate street came presently such a body of angry students, such a forest of torches, that the very houses might already have been flaming.

Now, it befell that Simon of York had left the tanner's house and gone away with Robert of Lincoln and William of Paisley some minutes before the arrival of that angry throng. Sobered somewhat by the mischief they had done, and being at heart good-natured fellows, the Englishmen had rewarded the exasperated tanner with a silver crown, their sole possession; and linking their arms together (for the pavement rolled its stony waves

"Whom do you seek, gentlemen? Why do you come here?"

A hundred voices answered him as one.

"William of Paisley—we seek William of Paisley!"

"A plague on him and his fellows! What have I to do with William of Paisley, that you trouble me in this way?"

They heard him with exasperation. Imprecations fell upon his astonished ears.

"O monstrous liar!" "Roll out the barrel, that we may see!" "He hath a murderer's jowl!" "Is there such a hang-dog villain in all Paris?" "There are blood-stains on his doublet!" "O saintly rascal,

mere logic, the grace and elusiveness of the figures that float among the pines—in them, but nowise of them—must be held entirely worthy of Mr. Boughton's best manner. Our other Academy picture, "Herring-Fishers off Kildonan Castle," bears the mint-mark of an artist whose name is synonymous with sea-pieces. In a subject that treats of the picturesque beauties of Arran, Mr. Hunter is very near home, for he was born on the Clyde, and knows every mood of that loveliest of Scottish Firths. At the age of twenty Mr. Hunter began painting. His whole education in art was derived from nature, and in this, if not in other particulars, he is in perfect accord with the "open-air school."

THE INTERNATIONAL RUGBY FOOTBALL MATCH: ENGLAND v. WALES.

DRAWN BY RALPH CLEAVER.



SCENES ON THE GROUND.

Wales beat England on the Rectory Field, Blackheath, on January 11, by nine points to eight; the former scoring a penalty goal and two tries, and the latter one goal from a try and a try.

SIR ERNEST CASSEL'S GIFT TO THE KING: SOME EXISTING CONSUMPTION SANATORIA.

PHOTOGRAPHS LENT BY THE HOSPITALS.



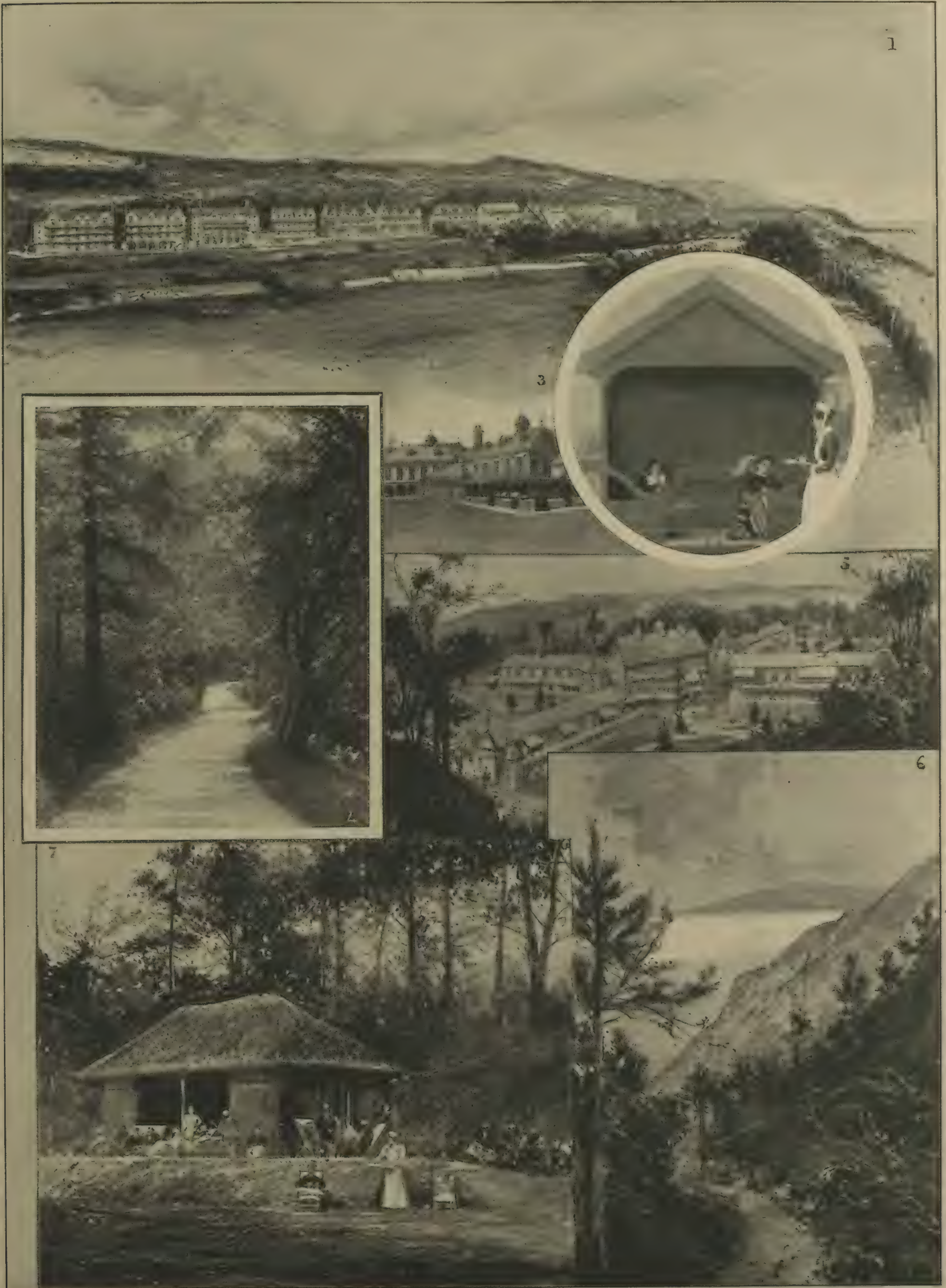
1. SIMPLE SCREEN-SHELTERS AT THE VICTORIA CONSUMPTION HOSPITAL, EDINBURGH.
4. THE FORSTER GREEN HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTION, BELFAST.

2. THE DRIVE AT ST. RAFAEL'S HOME, TORQUAY.
5. A SLEEPING-SHELTER AT THE WESTMORELAND CONSUMPTION SANATORIUM.

3. THE LIVERPOOL HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTION.
6. THE PIONEER INSTITUTION FOR THE OPEN-AIR TREATMENT, MOUNT VERNON HOSPITAL, HAMPSTEAD. 7. ST. LUKE'S HOME, TORQUAY.

SIR ERNEST CASSEL'S GIFT TO THE KING: SOME EXISTING CONSUMPTION SANATORIA.

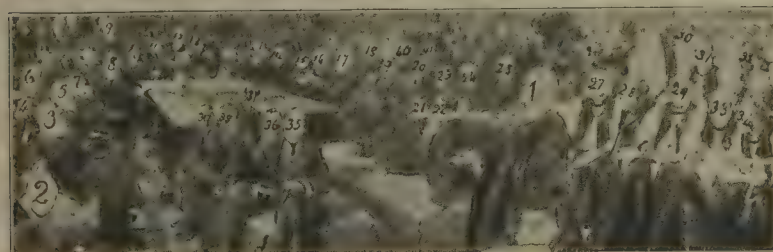
DRAWN BY HOLLAND TRINGHAM FROM PHOTOGRAPHS LENT BY THE HOSPITALS.



1. THE ROYAL NATIONAL HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTION AT VENTNOR.
1. THE NEW NOTTINGHAMSHIRE SANATORIUM IN SHERWOOD FOREST;
A VIEW IN THE GROUNDS.

2. AN OUT-DOOR REVOLVING SHELTER.
5. BROMPTON HOSPITAL: THE PROPOSED COUNTRY BRANCH NEAR BAGSHOT.
6. "NORDRACH IN WALES": A WALK ON THE HILLSIDE.

3. THE MANCHESTER CONSUMPTION HOSPITAL (BOWDON BRANCH):
VERANDAHS FOR THE OPEN-AIR TREATMENT.
7. THE NATIONAL SANATORIUM AT BOURNEMOUTH: AN OPEN-AIR HUT.



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|----------------------|--------------------------|-----------------------------|-------------------------------|---------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Lord Halsbury. | 8. Lord Kimberley. | 15. Duke of Devonshire. | 22. Lord Cholmondeley. | 29. Bishop of London. | 36. Lord Pembroke. |
| 2. Lord Breadalbane. | 9. Lord Rosebery. | 16. Lord James of Hereford. | 23. Lord Cross. | 30. Bishop of Ripon. | 37. Lord Cadogan. |
| 3. Lord Spencer. | 10. The Prince of Wales. | 17. Lord Salisbury. | 24. Lord Ashbourne. | 31. Bishop of Salisbury. | 38. Lord Ribblesdale. |
| 4. Lord Battersea. | 11. Duke of Cambridge. | 18. Lord Goschen. | 25. Lord Balfour of Burleigh. | 32. Bishop of Rochester. | 39. Duke of Portland. |
| 5. Lord Northbrook. | 12. Lord Roberts. | 19. Lord Lansdowne. | 26. Lord De La Warre. | 33. Bishop of Winchester. | 40. Lord Alverstone. |
| 6. Lord Avebury. | 13. Duke of Connaught. | 20. Lord Selborne. | 27. Archbishop of Canterbury. | 34. Bishop of Durham. | 41. Duke of Richmond. |
| 7. Lord Ripon. | 14. Lord Londonderry. | 21. Duke of Norfolk. | 28. Archbishop of York. | 35. Lord Clarendon. | |

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.
DRAWN BY T. WALTER WILSON, R.I.



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|------------------------|--------------------------------|-------------------------|--------------------------|------------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1. Mr. G. Lowther. | 10. Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman. | 18. Mr. H. Gladstone. | 26. Mr. C. R. Spencer. | 34. Sir C. Quilter. | 42. Mr. H. Chaplin. | 50. Lord Hugh Cecil. |
| 2. Sir R. T. Reid. | 11. Sir W. V. Harcourt. | 19. Mr. R. K. Causton. | 27. Mr. A. J. Balfour. | 35. Sir E. Ashmead-Bartlett. | 43. Lord G. Hamilton. | 51. Colonel E. Hughes. |
| 3. Sir E. Grey. | 12. Sir H. Fowler. | 20. Mr. J. Dillon. | 28. Mr. John Burns. | 36. Mr. W. E. H. Lecky. | 44. Mr. C. T. Ritchie. | 52. Mr. Austen Chamberlain. |
| 4. Mr. H. H. Asquith. | 13. Mr. J. Bryce. | 21. Mr. J. Morley. | 29. Mr. H. Labouchere. | 37. Mr. R. W. Hanbury. | 45. Sir M. Hicks Beach. | 53. Hon. W. F. D. Smith. |
| 5. Mr. W. Abraham. | 14. Mr. W. Allan. | 22. Mr. T. Healy. | 30. Mr. D. Lloyd-George. | 38. Mr. A. Akers-Douglas. | 46. Mr. Gibson Bowles. | 54. Mr. G. Wyndham. |
| 6. Mr. T. Burt. | 15. Mr. Keir Hardie. | 23. Mr. W. Redmond. | 31. Sir W. H. Walrond. | 39. Mr. G. Balfour. | 47. Sir A. K. Rollit. | 55. Mr. W. C. Gully (Speaker). |
| 7. Mr. F. A. Channing. | 16. Mr. J. E. Redmond. | 24. Mr. T. P. O'Connor. | 32. Mr. J. Lowther. | 40. Mr. G. C. T. Bartley. | 48. Sir J. B. Maple. | 56. Mr. Walter Long. |
| 8. Dr. R. Farquharson. | 17. Mr. D. B. Jones. | 25. Sir C. W. Dilke. | 33. Sir M. Foster. | 41. Sir J. Aird. | 49. Mr. Henniker Heaton. | 57. Mr. W. S. Brodrick. |
| 9. Mr. W. R. Cremer. | | | | | | 58. Mr. J. Chamberlain. |

THE FIRST PARLIAMENT OF EDWARD VII.: THE HOUSE OF COMMONS IN COMMITTEE.

DRAWN BY T. WALTER WILSON, R.I.



TYPES OF A FRENCH BATTLE-SHIP, CRUISER, AND TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER.

THE REVIVAL OF SARDOU'S "THÉODORA" AT THE THÉÂTRE SARAH BERNHARDT, PARIS, JANUARY 7.



Théodora (Madame Bernhardt).
ANDREAS MURDERED BY ORDER OF THE EMPEROR.



MISS DORRIS, DAUGHTER OF THE LORD MAYOR.

THE CHILDREN'S FANCY-DRESS BALL AT THE MANSION HOUSE: THE GUESTS MARCHING PAST THE LORD MAYOR AND LADY MAYORESS

DRAWN BY G. AMATO.

THE OPENING UP OF NIGERIA:
THE CAPTURE OF YOLA.



THE EXPEDITION LANDING FROM STERN-WHEEL STEAMERS BEFORE THE ATTACK ON YOLA.

HOISTING THE BRITISH FLAG AT YOLA AND SALUTING THE ACTING GOVERNOR, MR. W. WALLACE, C.M.G.

BRITISH TROOPS ENTERING THE EMIR'S PALACE AFTER THE FALL OF YOLA.

BURA AMADU, THE NEW EMIR OF ADAMAWA.

LIEUTENANT MACGREGOR, COLDSTREAM GUARDS, CONDUCTING NATIVE CHIEFS
TO THE ACTING GOVERNOR.

THE ACTING GOVERNOR AND COLONEL MORLAND, COMMANDING IN NORTHERN NIGERIA,
AT THE PROCLAMATION OF THE NEW EMIR OF YOLA.



THE PRINCE OF WALES'S PROBABLE FLAG-SHIP AT THE CORONATION REVIEW: HIS MAJESTY'S NEW WAR-SHIP "LONDON."



THE FIRST-PRIZE DESIGN.



THE STATUE, REPRESENTING BISMARCK AS ROLAND.

THE BISMARCK MEMORIAL FOR HAMBURG.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BREUER, HAMBURG.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

Fancy Free. By Eden Phillpotts. (London: Methuen. 6s.)
Irish Pastorals. By Shan F. Bullock. (London: Grant Richards. 6s.)
When the Land was Young. By Lafayette McLaws. (London: Constable. 6s.)
The Latin Quarter. By Henry Murger. English Translation. (London: Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.)
The Sherbro and its Hinterland. By T. J. Alldridge. (London: Macmillan. 15s.)
The Great Deserts and Forests of North America. By Paul Fountain. (London: Longmans. 9s. 6d.)
The Spanish People. By Martin A. S. Hume. (London: Heinemann. 6s.)

In "Fancy Free" Mr. Eden Phillpotts has found a most appropriate title for his new volume. It is a collection of stories, sketches, and verses, most of them "freakish" in character, and all amusing. Perhaps the most entertaining is the first story, "Quite Out of the Common," which tells how a broker and a jobber in the Kaffir market, disputing the knotty point of the giving and the taking of advice, put their contention to the test of experiment. It is a wager. The stakes are a thousand pounds (gentlemen of the Stock Exchange never do anything by halves!). The broker backs himself to follow every scrap of advice given him in one day of twelve hours; and the jobber, to follow an exactly contrary course. At the end of a forenoon of lamentable adventures the two find themselves at the police-station—"run in," both of them, as the result of consistent acceptance and rejection of advice. After "Quite Out of the Common" we would place "The Diary of a Perfect Gentleman," which humorously narrates the adventures of a pure-bred Persian tom-cat, chiefly in the elegant region of Peckham Rye. As we have said, an amusing book.

Few better books have appeared this publishing season than the "Irish Pastorals" of Shan Bullock. We have had many descriptions of the peasantry of late, humorous, realistic, and sentimental; but here we have the pure idyll. Mr. Bullock sees his characters in a background of Nature; they fit into the landscape and make it significant, and thereby are made significant themselves. Round the mowers and the reapers in the meadows are Thrasna River and Emo Hill—"fields shining, hedges gleaming, joy and hope going pleasantly in all the valleys"—never described at too great a length (for the frame is never too big for the picture), but described always with a gracious sense of the beauty of the world. Not that Mr. Bullock is blind to the uglier features of the Irish landscape—the long winters, the dreary springs, the rainy weather, the crops withering in decay. But, at the worst, his landscape is never depressing, because he never allows it to depress his characters: his Irish peasants have such fine humour and fine humanity that they triumph over their surroundings. James Daly, cutting turf in the bog, and moaning that he'll soon be "ould," has a comic eye upon the world. In fact, finer examples of the Irish peasantry than James Daly and Anne, his wife, are rarely found between the covers of a book. But all the characters are good: Hughy Fitch, Judy Brady, and Peter Jarmin—one has known their similars. Mr. Bullock has written a thoroughly pleasant and adequate book about the peasant life of Hibernia.

It cannot be said that Mr. Lafayette McLaws has added to literature with his "true romance of Mistress Antoinette Huguenin and Captain Jack Middleton," "When the Land was Young." His work is rather, as Charles Lamb has it, one of those "books of quick interest, that hurry on for incidents" and "are for the eye to glide over." Of strong characterisation, there is little, except in the case of the heroine; of more than ordinarily skilful writing, none; yet the story entertains, as a light comedy entertains when the mood is not for meat of a stronger savour. His plot is simple, and, it must be said, somewhat hackneyed in its main theme. The heroine who finds it politic, for one reason or another, to adopt the clothes and manner of a man, and play her brother, has become very familiar; not even the surroundings of a vessel flying the Black Flag "in the days of the Buccaneers" and the pirate stronghold of Hispaniola can lend it novelty. The author does not mince words. The beautiful Antoinette—whose ancestor gave his name to the creed to which his family remained faithful—born among outlaws, schooled in a convent, and afterwards a member of the French Court, subsequently to return to her settler-father in Carolina, acts her part, even to the extent of using the strong language becoming a gallant of the time, singing roistering bottle-songs, fighting one duel and offering to engage in many more. The circumstance which leads to the girl-count's sword-bout with the mate of the pirate vessel after the capture of a Spanish galleon, might, we think, with advantage have been different; though in justice it must be said that the author does not dwell unduly upon it. Sir Henry Morgan, the buccaneer knighted by Charles as a reward for the sacking of Puerto Bello and other towns in the Spanish Indies, figures prominently in the latter half of the story.

Among works of genius that defy translation, Murger's "Scènes de la Vie de Bohème" must always remain a notable example, for the elusive and peculiarly French charm of the book cannot survive its transition from the original vehicle. The present attempt to render into

English the inimitable history of Schaunard, Rodolphe, Marcel, Mimi, Musette, and the rest of that light-hearted, impecunious, and gifted band, affords but a pale reflection of the original, and although the translation may be of service in introducing the characters to some who otherwise would never catch even this glimpse of them, the result, when all is said, is hopelessly inadequate.



HENRY MURGER

Reproduced from "The Latin Quarter," by permission of Mr. Grant Richards.

It was commercial prudence, no doubt, that altered the title to "The Latin Quarter"; for the memory of a successful novel and play may still be potent enough to revive an ancient interest. But it is a pity that the curious, for whom the hook is thus cunningly baited, should not be lured to a more happily expressed version of Murger's stories. Surely *Je me méfie beaucoup* need not have been rendered, "I have good suspicions," nor is the jest about "two kinds of painting, house and miniature," helped by the rendering of *peinture* as "paintings," and so forth. Nor need the translators on meeting with a Greek word, which Murger was content to write phonetically in italics, have gone out of their way to restore it to Greek character, and in the act grossly misspell it! "The Latin Quarter," though scarcely a valuable translation, may, however, be accepted by admirers of Murger for its fine portrait of the author, who proved in his own experience all that was bitterest in his terrible epigram that Bohemia is the preface to the Academy, the Hospital, or the Morgue.

In "The Sherbro and its Hinterland" we have one of the most informing and readable books ever written on

a European, but the West African Administrator has knowledge of curious kinds forced upon him. West Africa is not usually associated with beautiful scenery, but the beauty of the land impresses the new arrival deeply, while the marvels of the vegetation are a lasting source of pleasure to the seasoned resident. The author is keenly alive to the possibilities of the country, and will have rendered it a real service if he succeed in awakening commercial enterprise to the fact that rubber, cotton, copra, and other products may be worked with profit.

It was fitting that Mr. W. H. Hudson should write the preface to "The Great Deserts and Forests of North America." The book is one after the heart of the author of "The Naturalist in La Plata," for Mr. Fountain has all the love of the wilderness and its inhabitants that distinguishes Mr. Hudson. A field naturalist of the best type, Mr. Fountain is one of those unscientific observers to whom science owes so much. He was happiest when studying the life-habit of beast, bird, reptile, or insect at close quarters. Without the thirst for blood which is so commonly found with a taste for an open-air life, he regarded the collection of specimens as a disagreeable but necessary duty; his own interest in the denizens of forest and prairie ceasing with their death. Mr. Fountain knew the prairies in the 'sixties and 'seventies, when the bison still survived; his travels, undertaken for the purpose of studying wild life at home, took him over vast areas of country then practically unknown, and he found opportunities to indulge his taste in regions where the spread of population has wrought great changes now. He has much to say concerning the old-time mining communities and their rough-and-ready methods of keeping order; of the negro, whose progress he has watched with all the apprehension of shrewdness and foresight; of the Red man, whose immeasurable superiority over the African he demonstrates, comparing the difference between the treatment accorded the two. The author's style is homely but convincing.

The volume of the "Great Peoples Series" devoted to Spain could not have been entrusted to a writer with better qualifications for the task. Major Martin A. S. Hume, author of "The Spanish People," is editor of the "Calendars of Spanish State Papers," and has contributed a very interesting volume upon modern Spain to Mr. Fisher Unwin's "Story of the Nations Series." For the past thirty years he has known the country intimately, and while he is not afraid of telling unpleasant truth, he writes with moderation and restraint, and a genuine admiration for what is best in Spanish life and thought. The book is admirably planned and executed. The author starts from the earliest recorded times and brings his story down to the dawn of the twentieth century, omitting nothing that will help to show how Spanish history shaped itself, how world-power grew, flourished, and decayed, and how the great catastrophes that befell the country were the inevitable result of causes clearly set down. We have a most valuable summary at the end of each chapter, showing what Spain did for the world in the period under review: the record is one of which any nation may feel proud. Spanish history has a peculiar interest for British readers in these days. In spite of the bitter feeling evoked in Spain by the British attitude in the Spanish-American War, there is a growing cordiality between the people of the two countries. Great Britain takes an increasing interest in Spanish art and literature, politicians speak of common interests in the Mediterranean, and our leisured

classes flock to see the marvels of Seville, Granada, Toledo, and Madrid. Spain has been grossly misruled and grossly misunderstood; few people in this country have taken the trouble to see how far the men like Philip II. and Ferdinand VII. have been responsible for their country's troubles, or how heavily the Inquisition pressed upon the fabric it sought to support. "The Spanish People" leaves no excuse for further ignorance. Its countless facts are admirably marshalled; the author's style is fluent, and his deductions are sound. While he does not spare the rulers who helped to ruin their country, or the Ministers and soldiers who executed their behests, he writes with a keen appreciation of all that is worthy of respect, and pays due tribute to the unquenchable vitality of people whom no misfortunes can completely subdue. He believes the country has reached the season of regeneration, that the material prosperity following the cessation of civil strife will lead to the development



"HE STOOD THERE A MOMENT, HIS CHIN HELD HIGH, WAITING THE ONSLAUGHT."

Reproduced from "When the Land was Young," by permission of Messrs. Constable.

an out-of-the-way part of the Empire, and in spite of the modesty and self-effacement of the author, it is very clear that in Mr. Alldridge we possess a man specially equipped by Nature as a pioneer in the cause of civilisation. This book is the outcome of some thirty years' work in West Africa; it impresses the reader as much by its genuineness as by the extraordinary quantity of information it conveys—information gleaned at first hand by a man whose tact, broad sympathies, and statesman-like sagacity gained him the confidence of the wild and superstitious but amiable races over whom he ruled. Mr. Alldridge's influence was displayed in a remarkable manner in 1893, when he induced a hundred of the principal chiefs, who have strong superstitious objections to leaving their own territories, to follow him down the country to meet the Governor, Sir Francis Fleming, at Bandasuma. Mr. Alldridge's acquaintance with the fetish rites, practices, and beliefs is almost uncanny in

of the national genius upon surer foundations than those that were overthrown. The one danger remaining is "the ineradicable tendency of certain regions to assert autonomy." To be sure, the Basque provinces still clamour for certain of their old privileges in addition to those they still enjoy, and Catalonia calls from the housetops for a republican government. But, as a prominent Spanish politician told the writer of this review a few months ago, the era of prosperity upon which the country has entered thins the ranks of the discontented day by day; for in Spain, as elsewhere, men with empty pockets are the greatest fighters for principles. Many pockets that were empty twenty years ago are well lined to-day; industries are developing, trade expands, and many a Spaniard in Catalonia and the Basque lands has come to the conclusion that prosperity without autonomy is at least as good as autonomy without prosperity.



THE CONDOR OF THE ANDES.

DRAWN BY G. E. LODGE.

The Condor, the great vulture of the Andes, is one of the largest and most remarkable of birds. Its only rival in size is the Lämmergeier of the Alps. The Condor's power of flight is immense, and it can soar to great heights.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Among the questions which crop up in the domain of social and physiological science, there are none of greater importance than those which deal with the phases of national prosperity that relate to conditions of food, drink, habits, and other characteristics of the civilised race. The medical statistician and the sanitarian deal with the vital statistics that show forth the nation's debit and credit side in its account with disease. The numerical gain of the population in its contrast with the loss which death inflicts upon it, for instance, forms one of the paramount questions for the consideration of the thoughtful. So also topics relating to our habits, to the influence of our feeding and our drinking upon our racial physique, are matters that closely concern our welfare as a people. The complexity of the conditions under which we live to-day could never be demonstrated to greater advantage than by the fields which medicine and sanitary science together claim as their own. The briefest study of ordinary civilised life, from either standpoint, reveals how conditions that make for or against our well-being demand the close attention equally of the politician and the scientist.

Ample justification for these remarks can be found, for example, in the study of alcoholism in its relationship to the national life and prosperity. By "alcoholism" one means, of course, the habit of consuming alcohol in excess. What excess is, and how it may be defined, is a matter which need not trouble us here. The question of national drunkenness admits of no discussion, and the increasing terms of our national drink bill offer a study that is in many ways as appalling to the moderate man as to the abstainer. That the national side of the temperance question, as opposed to the purely personal phase of the matter, is beginning to attract the notice of the State, and that at no distant date we may expect some definite pronouncement from Parliament on the regulation of the liquor traffic, are conclusions which are more than justified by the signs of the times. Temperance reform is demanded—we are all agreed upon that point—as a step in our national progress. The difficulty with everybody is that of determining the directions in which it shall be formulated and applied.

These thoughts have been suggested to my mind by the perusal of some interesting figures and facts relative to the influence of alcoholism upon the depopulation question. If it be admitted that a country, to be successful in the rivalry with other peoples, must exhibit a definite yearly increase in its births, it illustrates a phase of the social science question to which I have alluded when we find it alleged that drunkenness tends towards limitation of that increase. The yearly increase of our numerical strength must not only make good the loss which death brings; it must also give a margin for the extension of the national life, for colonisation, and in general for the further evolution of the phases of civilisation. If, therefore, we are assured that alcoholism is a preventive of population-increase, the matter becomes one for the serious consideration of every phase of State life and authority. More than this: the facts, if admitted, should speed very perceptibly the cause of temperance reform.

The French medical faculty have long busied themselves over this question. Dr. Mayel, of Lyon, for example, of late days has been making a series of exhaustive inquiries into the presumed relationship betwixt depopulation and the excessive consumption of alcohol. He tells us of the effects upon the children of the alcoholic habits of the parents. Many of them die in infancy; others who survive the infantile period of existence die in childhood. Cases are given in which practically the descendants of drunken progenitors have been wiped out by reason of physical feebleness in a couple of generations. It is undeniable that the alcoholic man is a person much more liable to contract disease than his sober neighbour. Every physician, for instance, knows that the drunkard is not only more liable to develop inflammation of his lungs from a chill, but far more apt to succumb to the disease than the temperate man. We have here to face a cause of an early death-rate, so to speak, and of limitation of a population robbed by the alcoholic tendency of many of its effective units.

More, however, remains behind. There seems to be a decided tendency in the case of the alcoholic subject to transmit his weakness to his descendants. Legrain investigated the cases of 215 families known to be alcoholic. There were 814 descendants of these families, extending to three generations. Of this number no fewer than 32 per cent. perished in childhood, a fact which clearly demonstrates the operation in respect of the tremendous mortality in early life of a very definite cause. There were two drunkards in Rouen with a total list of children amounting to thirty. Every one of these children perished in childhood. If, as we know, excessive alcoholism tends to produce degeneracy of mind and body alike, these results should not startle us. Allow, if we will, for the operation of other causes than constitutional weakness, and we have still an enormous margin to account for in the death-rate.

Some philosophers are never weary of telling us that acquired habits cannot be transmitted to the offspring. A good deal in this matter depends, as regards its discussion, on what we call acquired habits. I presume nobody doubts that a taste for alcohol is acquired; but biologically regarded, I fail to see how such results as I have noted can be accounted for, save on the ground that the degeneracy of the parent, without delay, is handed on to the offspring. Whether or not we are to wait, according to the views of some, for sobriety to be evolved through immunity to alcohol (or distaste for it), produced by a long epidemic of drunkenness, remains a matter of individual opinion. I, at least, hold out strongly for present reform. It is never too soon to begin the work of saving grace, by whatever means it is to be accomplished.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to Chess Editor.

B O CLARK and E CARTER.—The composer of the problem in question is too skilful to use a superfluous piece. Will you look again and see the effect of the different promotions?

HERBERT A SALWAY.—In your Problem No. 90, if Black play 1. P Queens, 2. R to K sq (ch), B to K 6th, you continue 3. R takes B, mate. But what about the position of the White King?

D N BANNEYER (Benares).—Staunton's "Chess Player's Companion" (Bohn, York Street, Covent Garden, price 5s.) and "The Book of the Hastings Tournament" (Chatto and Windus, Piccadilly) are the two books that we think would best cover the ground you name.

E J WINTER WOOD (Paignton).—We have little doubt your new contribution is well up to your standard. Many thanks.

G R MAKEHAM (Hampstead).—Thanks for problem.

M SHAIDA ALI KHAN (Rampur).—We are much obliged for your diagrams, and will examine them as early as possible.

A G STUBBS (Croydon).—Thanks for your letter. We had discovered the flaw, and intimated it last week. Have you tried Staunton's "Companion"?

H WHITTEN (Tunbridge Wells).—It shall be examined; but it rather smacks of a problem of which you know as much as we can tell you.

W CLUGSTON (Belfast).—Your problem is correct, and perhaps not easy; but it is sadly wanting in point and charm.

G BROWN.—We have considered your problem carefully; but it is rather too simple for our use.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS NOS. 3002 and 3003 received from C A M (Penang); of No. 3005 from Richard Burke (Teldenya, Ceylon); of No. 3008 from Alpha and J Bailey (Newark); of No. 3009 from Emile Frau (Lyons), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), Alpha, Mrs. B B (Geneva), Cedric and Leonard Owen (Russia), George Pratt (Streattham), and G Lill (Gringley-on-Hill); of No. 3010 from H Le Jeune, Sorrento, J Hirste Hayward, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), B O Clark (Wolverhampton), Emile Frau (Lyons), C H Allen, A J Allen (Hampstead), J Paul Taylor, Marco Salem (Bologna), J D Tucker (Ilkley), J W (Campsie), W Isaac (Sheerness-on-Sea), and D B R (Oban).

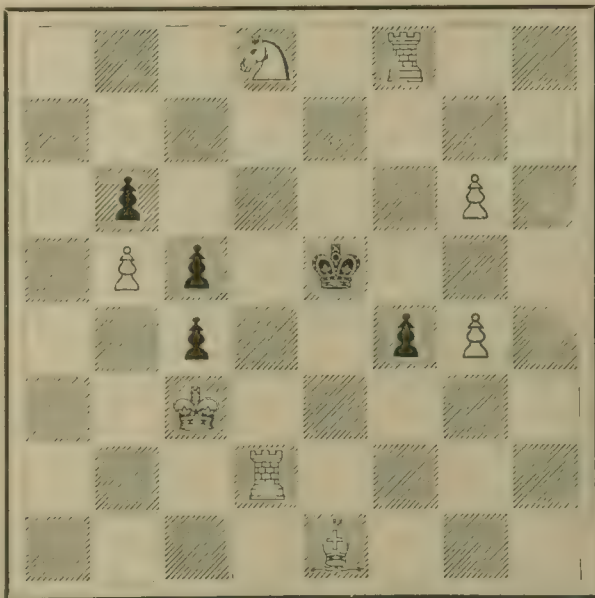
PROBLEM No. 3011 is impossible of solution.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3010.—By H. D'O. BERNARD.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to R 4th Any move

PROBLEM No. 3013.—By C. EMERSON CARTER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played between Messrs. A. Y. HESSE and W. E. NATIER.
(Gioco Piano.)

| | | | |
|--|------------------|---|------------------|
| WHITE (Mr. H.) | BLACK (Mr. N.) | WHITE (Mr. H.) | BLACK (Mr. N.) |
| 1. P to K 4th | P to K 4th | Black sees that the threatened attack of White leads to no serious results. | |
| 2. Kt to K B 3rd | Kt to Q B 3rd | 16. B takes P (ch) | K to R sq |
| 3. B to B 4th | B to B 4th | 17. Q to Q 3rd | Q to R 5th |
| 4. P to B 3rd | Kt to B 3rd | This interesting continuation proves conclusive. | |
| 5. P to Q 4th | P takes P | 18. B takes Kt | Q to Kt 5th (ch) |
| 6. P takes P | B to Kt 5th (ch) | 19. K to R sq | Q to R 6th |
| 7. B to Q 2nd | Kt takes K P | 20. B takes P (ch) | K takes B |
| 8. Kt to B 3rd | B takes Kt | 21. R to Kt sq (ch) | K to R sq |
| 9. B takes B | P to Q 4th | 22. R to Kt 2nd | R to K Kt sq |
| 10. B to Q 3rd | B to Kt 5th | 23. B takes R | R takes B |
| 11. Castles | Castles | 24. Q to B sq | R to Kt 5th |
| After the Knight is pinned it is not generally good to Castle. In this position forcing matters by P to K R 3rd would be better. | | 25. R to Q sq | P to Q 5th |
| 12. Q to B 2nd | Kt takes Kt | 26. P to Kt 4th | K to R 2nd |
| 13. P takes B | Kt to Kt 4th | 27. Q to Q 3rd (ch) | K to R 3rd |
| 14. P to B 4th | Kt to B 6th (ch) | 28. Q to B sq | P to K B 4th |
| 15. K to Kt 2nd | Q Kt takes P | 29. P to R 4th | P to Q 6th |
| | | 30. R to B sq | P to B 3rd |
| | | 31. P to Kt 5th | P to Q 7th |
| | | White resigns. | |

CHESS IN PRAGUE.

Game played in a simultaneous performance by Mr. SCHLECHTER.
(Evans Gambit.)

| | | | |
|--|------------------------|---|------------------------|
| WHITE (Mr. Schlechter). | BLACK (Dr. J. Abeles). | WHITE (Mr. Schlechter). | BLACK (Dr. J. Abeles). |
| 1. P to K 4th | P to K 4th | and wins a piece by checks. There are some very nice complications in the concluding part of this amusing game. | |
| 2. Kt to K B 3rd | Kt to Q B 3rd | 13. B takes P (ch) | Q to B sq |
| 3. B to B 4th | B to B 4th | 14. P to Q 5th | Q to K B 3rd |
| 4. P to Q Kt 4th | B takes P | 15. B to Q 2nd | B to K B 4th |
| 5. P to B 3rd | B to B 4th | 16. B to K 6th | P to K R 3rd |
| B to R 4th is considered a better defence, followed by P to Q 3rd, Kt to B 3rd, etc. | | 17. K Kt to B 4th | B takes Kt |
| 6. Castles | P to Q 3rd | 18. Kt takes B | Q to Kt 3rd |
| 7. P to Q 4th | P takes P | 19. Q to B 3rd (ch) | K to K sq |
| 8. P takes P | B to Kt 3rd | 20. Q to R 3rd | R to K B sq |
| 9. Kt to Q B 3rd | K Kt to K 2nd | 21. Q to Q R 3rd | Q Kt to B 3rd |
| 10. Kt to K Kt 5th | P to Q 4th | 22. Kt to Kt 3rd | R to B 3rd |
| Forced; for if Castles, 11. Q to R 5th, P to K R 3rd; 12. Kt takes B, P, R takes Kt; 13. B takes R (ch), K to R sq; 14. B takes P, and wins. | | 23. B to B 3rd | Q Kt to Kt sq |
| 11. P takes P | Kt to R 4th | 24. B takes R | Q takes B |
| 12. P to Q 6th | Q takes P | 25. Kt to B 5th | K to Q sq |
| | | 26. Kt takes Kt | Q takes Kt |
| | | 27. Q takes Q (ch) | K takes Q |
| | | 28. B to B 8th (ch), and wins. | |

The entries having closed on Dec. 31 last, the programme for the Monte Carlo Tournament has now been issued. Nearly all the prominent players have handed in their names, the conspicuous absentees being Messrs. Lasker and Tarrasch. The prize-list amounts to upwards of £500, in addition to which there are several valuable special prizes. Play will commence on Feb. 2, and the number of rounds is dependent on the entries, but probably each player will meet every other competitor twice. Remembering the success of the tournament last year, there is little doubt the players will have a pleasant outing for their campaign. One curious effect of this tournament will be to interfere with the annual match between the Brooklyn and British Chess Clubs, which in recent years has assumed international proportions. Until the players have returned it will be difficult to complete the teams on either side. We believe, however, arrangements are in progress, and there is no reason to suppose 1902 will pass without this interesting contest being fought.

WHEN CAMP-FIRES BLAZE.

BY AN IMPERIAL YEOMAN.

When the day's stern work is over and all is made ready for the night, when fuel is plentiful and our evening meal, decently cooked on a noble blaze, has brought a measure of content to sore-harassed bodies, and the mind, withdrawing itself from outward disturbances, resembles the unfrilled surface of a placid lake—then do we talk. Talk! the cynic may exclaim; why not say "yarn"? Tall tales of personal exploits, of deeds that ought to have won for the performer the V.C., but didn't because someone else got the credit? Well, well, the men who sit around the blaze with a blanket over their shoulders as a protection against the night chills are but human, and are not exempt from human weaknesses. But, truth to tell, the "tall" tales are few and far between. The soldier of the popular novel, and—in a whisper—the soldier of many of the war-correspondents, may talk about his own exploits, and those of his fellows, but few of us have come across *that* soldier in the field.

On the contrary, we are much too sick of our work to discuss it when once it is done. We are the pawns on the board, moved hither and thither in obedience to a higher will. Very good, we will not grumble or growl; but, knowing nothing, it would be strange if we showed much interest in what is being done. They were fighting on the other flank to-day? Indeed—well, that was the other flank's business. Only half-a-dozen Boers in a nek sniping for all they were worth—oh!—let's have a bit of your 'baccy, old chap. One of the So-and-So's killed? Thank goodness it wasn't our turn for grave-digging! Any more tea in the "billy"?—thanks. De Wet captured? What, again! Then I suppose we'll be home in time for next Christmas. "Say Christmas 1905," says an individual gruffly who has already composed himself to slumber, poking his head up from his blankets, the lights and shadows on his dirty, unshorn face standing out in fine relief in the flicker of the fire.

Roughing it makes for a whole-hearted and unaffected materialism among the many. The happy man in the field is he who can, for the time being at least, make, as Stevenson once said, "a god of his belly." To do your work, to get your fill, to smoke your pipe, to sleep—the man who wants nothing more than that is naturally happy if he can get it, which is not always. And the majority lower their standard to the altered conditions—lucky men, they. Unlucky they who are prone to introspection, who live much in themselves, who cherish ideals of human companionship and good-fellowship and interchange of thought. Campaigning converts most men into absolute materialists; or perhaps it would be more correct to say, reveals them as such. Theorists talk of the beneficent and cold-bath-like effect of hardships and privations upon the character—tell the world that they check the tendency to luxury, prevent a man setting an undue value upon soft living and luxurious feed. Rubbish! The men who have roughed it most are, as a rule, the most fastidious in their dress, the greatest gourmets, and the most given to self-indulgence when they have the chance.

Talk, being the outward reflection of the light which burns within us, is, then, materialistic, relating to matters which concern our physical welfare, the prospect of being put on half rations, the likelihood of fowls and eggs being plentiful in the country to be traversed on the morrow, the Quarter-Master Sergeant's latest knavery. That is the general talk, which soon languishes. The fire is getting low, and one by one the big-coated forms seek the waterproof sheet and blanket which serve for bed. Then but a couple are left. Shaking up the fire, they draw their blanket to the blaze, refill their pipes (if it will run to it; more often than not it has been a case of literally passing the pipe of war from hand to hand and—shudder, O ye exquisite!—from mouth to mouth), and settle themselves down to a real talk to an accompaniment of the snores and heavy breathings of their sleeping comrades. These are the real talks round the camp-fire; the talks that live in the memory; when two congenial souls come together out of the crowd, and, communing together, find much solace and comfort. The general chatter, the foolish, stale, old-worn jest that has been bandied about camp for days and weeks—tush! the sense of desolation and loneliness it brings to those of us who can see further, who have to see further, than the next day's biscuits. But this, this is real talk—these conversations we remember; with these men we make the friendships of a lifetime, with them we swear eternal brotherhood. In our hearts, that is: only on the stage do men gravely shake hands over camp-fires and vow everlasting fidelity.

Real talk? What about, do you ask? What do men talk about who talk to one another as brothers, yet without the feeling of restraint which the tie so often brings? Everything. Life and experience, and sorrow and mirth; sometimes of a woman. Of women we have enough—Heaven knows, too much—with the crowd; but with the crows with whom we sit up exchanging confidence while the camp lies silent around us, we sometimes speak of a woman. The woman, should we say; but generally vaguely and indefinitely—not with the crude unveiling of sentiment and emotion that characterises such confidences in the pages of novels. Novels—stories—romances; yes, putting bit and bit together as the words come between the pauses of pulling at the pipe (which is curiously hard to draw sometimes), what life stories, what strange oddities and complexities of human character are unfolded as the camp-fire flickers towards its end! How they cling to the memory; how well might they not be narrated; but who could do them justice? Full of interest, of moving pathos, of promise unfulfilled, of hopes yet unquenched in the face of a thousand dampers—how could one hope so to present them as to give a hundredth part of the impression made when heard from the lips of the "hero" as we sat by the dying camp-fire under the ghostly rays of a Southern moon?

A rambling discourse enough; but why seek excuse? It is the fault of the subject, which forces one to a dreamy desultoriness, takes hold of one with its multitudinous recollections of the "have beens." The Spirit of the Camp-Fire gets into one's pen.

Cadbury's cocoa

*Makes strong men
Stronger*

*The most Refreshing, Nutritious,
and Sustaining of
all cocoas.*



LADIES' PAGES.

I wonder if there will be any honours for women at the Coronation. The title of "Hon." given to that devoted friend and attendant of the Queen who has recently been so ill at Marlborough House, Miss Charlotte Knollys, is a sort of precedent for anticipating that something in this direction may be arranged; for the King has shown his appreciation of all that this lady has been to the Queen for years past by conferring upon her the position of a Baron's daughter, thus giving her to herself, so to speak, the title of "Hon." The Kaisar-i-Hind Order is also open to both men and women who have done India some service, and the medal (in the second class) has been bestowed by the King recently on one of the ladies working under the Zenana Mission, Miss Rosalie Harvey, in recognition of her services during plague and famine, and also in founding and maintaining a home for lepers.

There was not much smartness at the Private View of the Royal Academy. One of the best dresses was Lady Russell's dark grey corduroy cloth, strapped so elaborately in a sort of palm-leaf design with rather lighter grey glacé as to look at first like a patterned material. It had a short basque and a black belt. The most original gown was that worn by Mrs. Alec Tweedie, and made from a shawl of ancient Spanish workmanship, acquired during her recent Mexican travels; it was of terra-cotta silk, heavily embroidered with black, and having a black silk fringe, and was made up with black velvet in a manner so successful that it might serve as a useful hint to many possessors of white elephants in the shape of antique embroidered shawls. The most striking feature of the moment's modes discernible was the almost universal wearing of a little diamond heart-pendant on the bosom; it was also noticeable how many of the gowns were collarless, even in thick materials, such as Irish tweed. A delicate green was decidedly the favourite colour. One gown in cashmere of this colour had triple revers embroidered with heliotrope and green ribbon embroidery mingled with just enough tiny mauve iridescent sequins to brighten the effect; vest and belt were in soft silver-grey silk, with long ends falling from the waist at the left, and finished with mauve and silver and green bead fringe trimming below the knee.

Not only the children love the annual fancy-dress ball at the Mansion House; it is to their elders one of the prettiest of sights. There are always some original dresses, and this year one of the best was worn by the Sheriff's little daughter, Miss Nellie Marshall, as "The New Coinage," her frock of bronze, gold, and silver satin liberally decorated with coins. "Love's Young Dream" was very pretty, pink rose-leaves forming the entire costume, except a front panel, which was hand-painted with a Watteau scene realising the title of the costume. "Peace," in her appropriate



A SKATING COSTUME, WITH CHINCHILLA TRIMMING

white soft robes and golden wings and olive branch, was a desirable figure; but not more admired than the Army nurse in her plain blue and red costume, or the numerous representatives of the various branches of the Army. Our latest social craze, the all-pervading "Ping-Pong," came out well, the white satin frock being effectively trimmed with the pink and white celluloid balls and the green net edging it, while the bat was carried. Two sisters appeared as respectively "The Beginning" and "The Middle of the Nineteenth Century," the contrast between the close-fitting short skirt and poke bonnet of the one and the voluminous pleated skirt and flat mushroom-hat of the other being amusing. The influence of the theatre on a fancy dress is always strong; and Dandies, Nell Gwynns, and Becky Sharps were numerous. Often the simpler dresses, the familiar Red-Riding Hoods, Springs, Fairies, and so on, are really most satisfactory, for children look prettiest when least self-conscious.

There are women—and women! We cannot deny that there exists precisely the type drawn so unflatteringly by Mr. Grundy in "Frocks and Frills" in the persons of Lady Pomeroy and Mrs. Martinez. Miss Ellis Jeffreys has studied her character's type and presents it with realism. We have all met her—the society woman living only for admiration and excitement, nervous, vehement, with her high, forced hysterical laugh at every moment, her spitefulness and selfishness, and her absorption in the dress that feeds her vanity. When she is expecting a new gown home, she declares, she can think of nothing else; she can hear and notice nothing, and do nothing but await with anxiety the arrival of the dressmaker's box. She is willing to pocket any insult for the sake of a dress she wants to get. Her husband is nothing to her but the provider of her frocks. Then there is bright Miss Lottie Venne as the parvenu, coarse, vulgar variety of vain woman. What a good thing that *mondaines* of these types are quite the exceptions, even among wealthy women, and that it is possible to take a vivid artistic interest in dress, and to be always well turned out, without giving body and soul up exclusively to it as a passion! Still, such women as those there are—more's the pity!

If excuse there could be for such, the beauty of the gowns provided for the two devotees of chiffons on the Haymarket stage would afford it. There is one dress—the *chef d'œuvre* for which the two women compete at the dressmaker's, and which it is stated has been made specially for the Queen of Spain—that is a vision of beauty. It is of white chiffon and lace, embroidered with narrow lines of brown fur and silver and jewels, and trimmed all down the front with diamonds. The fashion of the make is Empire. The foundation of the lovely gown is white satin, over which falls the heavy Venetian point lace dress in such a way as to leave the front clear to be draped with chiffon and then hung with ropes of diamonds, each centred and held in place with a big emerald! The sable narrowly edges it down, and is worked on in narrow lines all over the

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lace, intermingled with silver embroidery studded with tiny baskets of jewels; and there is a Medici collar worked with jewels to match. There is something like a regal gown! It reminded me only of the lovely robe worn by Queen Alexandra at the service in the Abbey on the late Queen's Jubilee; her present Majesty then wore a dress of cloth of silver with a stomacher entirely of diamonds. To return to the Haymarket models: the management had a happy thought in committing each act's dressing to a separate leading firm, and placing the name of the house on the programme; but the contest is unequal, since some of the scenes allow of more superb dressing than the others. The evening gowns worn by the saleswomen to show customers, in the realistic scene in "Clothilde's" showroom, in the same act with the Queen of Spain's dress, include a black net Empire one laid over gold, trimmed with black velvet flowers, and relieved with a touch of pink round the feet and on the tiny bodice. A day gown, almost too smart, is in yellow crêpe-de-Chine, trimmed with roses, and having a deep lace collar. "Lady Pomeroy," however, comes to the establishment about her new gown clad in a very elegant confection that any lady might really wear; of course, for the smartest of afternoon parties, not to go to see her modiste. It is painted white muslin over deep pink; or perhaps that pinky look is the effect of the drapery, and the underskirt is the same colour as the three rows of gathered silk that run round the flounces—that is to say, red of a bright cherry-colour. The pretty little coat-bodice may certainly be taken as the type for one of our spring gowns, for basques are to be worn—naturally after so long an absence. The coatee in question is in cherry-coloured figured taffetas; it falls in points below the waist in front, and the little basque, continued round the hips, ends under a smart butterfly bow at the back. Tiny bows of cherry-colour seem to tie the trimmings all down the front, and a deep lace collar softens the effect. Miss Lottie Venne's gown is rather wasted beneath a long coat of grass-green glacé, which she never takes off; but her dress is discerned to be of string-coloured lace over pale blue, with trimmings of blue chiffon roses and foliage; her ornamental muff is in blue chiffon and roses, the red that the latter show being repeated on the toque of tuscany straw, to make a daring colour-scheme. "Lady Pomeroy's" hat, by the way, was the subject of a good deal of difference of opinion among the smartly dressing women of my theatre-party at the supper afterwards. It is in several shades of mauve; some of us thought that it did not harmonise with the cherry-red of the coat—personally, I think it perfection, but I can comprehend that an eye educated by Paris taste in chiffons is needed to like the strong contrast.

Day gowns are at their best in other acts. Miss Ellis Jeffreys' delicate mauve taffetas is delightful. The skirt is set all round in large box-pleats, with rather wide tucks at the hem, quite simple, but perfectly arranged; the bodice has a white muslin vest, and is closed at the



A SKATING COSTUME, WITH WHITE STRAPS AND FUR.

top with amethyst buttons and a little silver cord and tassels; the rest of the coat is a mixture of lace and mauve taffetas, forming a basque again, and it is all lightly embroidered with amethyst mauve paillettes. The cuffs to the plainly made sleeves are falling ruffles of fine lace, matching the full neck-ruffle; and the toque is of shaded roses in several reds, the delicate tones of the gown leaving no doubt of the harmony in this case. Miss Lottie Venne's dress is perhaps even more lovely, but too delicate to be properly seen on the stage, even with one's opera-glass. It is of white muslin over white silk, with écarle lace intermixed plentifully; the beauty of it consists in the delicate embroideries of Pompadour tones that are laid round the full and fluffy flounces of snowy silk muslin which foot the dress deeply. The bodice in this case is made with the familiar bolero effect; the deep belt is of gold tissue, the vest of muslin embroidered with gold sequins, and the bolero of lace with the same dainty pink and blue embroideries as those on the skirt. Her hat is a wide one of écarle lace trimmed with a big black velvet bow across the front. These are the gowns of the two women who regard existence as well spent in the single effort to outshine each other in chiffons. The heroine, the young lady who sets up as a dressmaker, is clad in far more simple style, but also very charmingly. The one of her dresses that I liked best is of black-and-white striped silk; it is perfectly cut, the gores being corded with the same material; the bodice has a deep belt and long sash-ends of black, and a white vest trimmed with rosettes and loops of pale blue, with a collar to the front of the shoulders only, of delicate lace. Her first dress, though very absurd to put on the poor relation with twenty pounds a year as dress allowance, is graceful and handsome. It is of grey-green panne, embroidered round the feet with cloth appliqué of a rather darker shade, a bolero-bodice similarly treated, and a vest and collar of lace.

Skating-costumes ought to be seasonable, and perhaps there may yet be cold weather; but in any case London residents have their artificial ice-rinks, which are so popular that it is a wonder that other big towns do not adopt the idea. The dresses depicted specially for this use would make up well also as tailor-made costumes, and, minus the fur, would be suited for that excellent American notion, "rainy-day dresses." Our Transatlantic sisters very sensibly take care to have always one short gown in the wardrobe, and a hat simply swathed with a silk handkerchief, to harmonise, in which they can face the worst of weather. Our first illustration is of a dark cloth dress banded with chinchilla and edged with a galon of black and white; hat of velvet trimmed with wings. The other is a cloth skating-dress decorated with straps of white cloth braided black and gold, and edged with bands of fur, sable for choice; the bands are of white and gold galon, and the muff sable. The hat is of cloth and sable to match, finished with an osprey.

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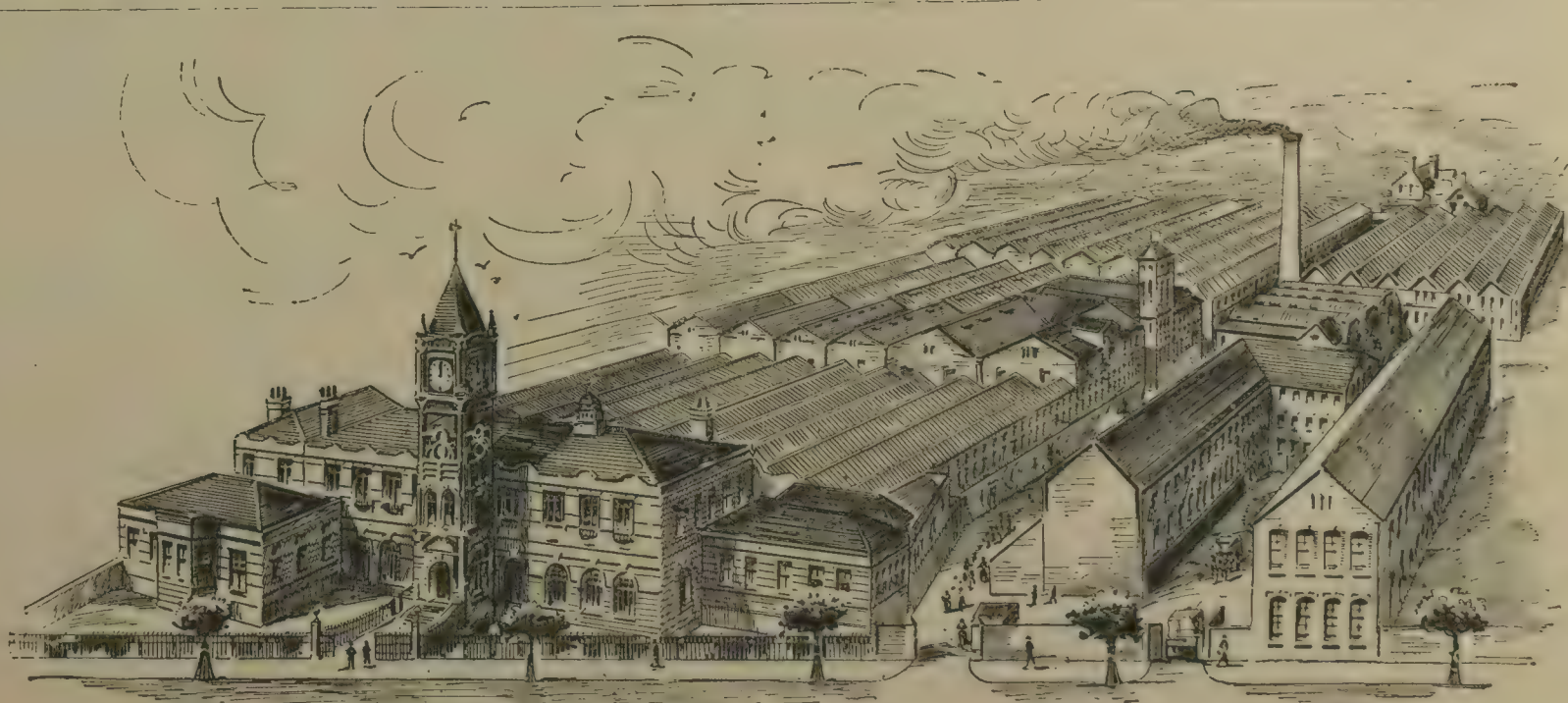
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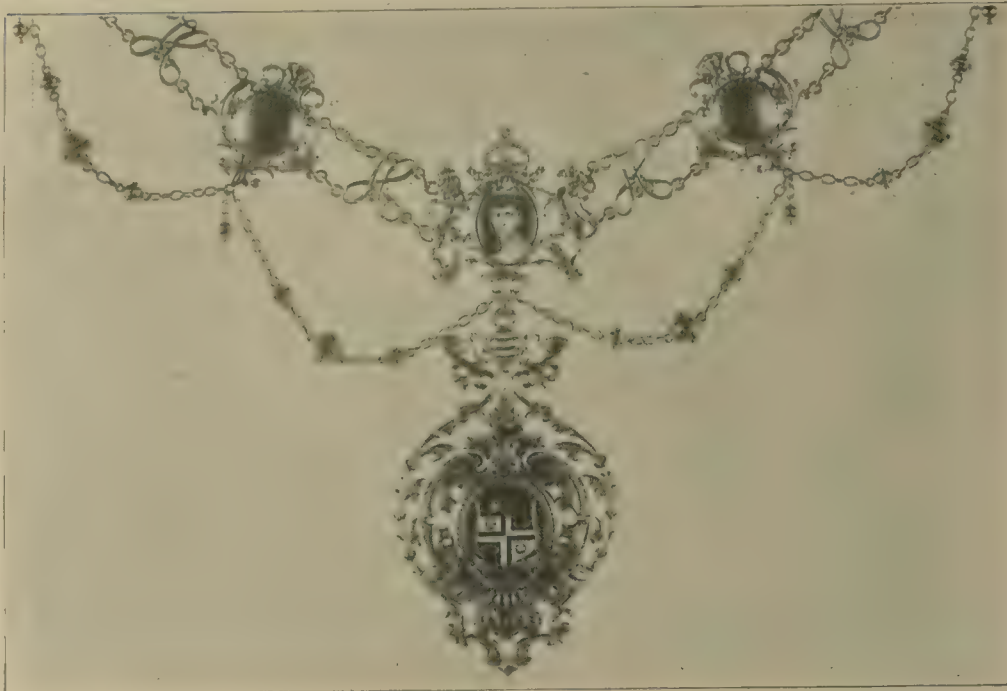
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MUSIC.

The Popular Concert on Saturday afternoon, Jan. 11, at the St. James's Hall, was chiefly interesting for the fine performance of Brahms's Quartet in G minor, scored for the pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello. The players were M. Ernst von Dohnanyi, Herr Carl Halir, Mr. Alfred Gibson, and Mr. Carl Fuchs. The quartet was written in 1863, at the best period of Brahms's life. It is therefore one of his most accomplished compositions, and is full of melody. The amateur is not baffled, as he is in so many of this composer's orchestral works, by obscurity or over-elaborated effects. Here all is simple and graceful. The andante movement is especially popular, founded as it is on the folklied of his people. M. Ernst von Dohnanyi played as a solo Beethoven's Sonata in E flat major for the pianoforte. He has a delightful method, and a clear, brilliant execution, that won him a storm of applause. Herr Carl Halir announced his intention in the programme of playing a Romance of Saint-Saëns and a Mazurka of Zarzicky, but Mr. Bird asked the audience to allow the artist to play instead two movements from the Dramatic Concerto of Spohr. It was excellently rendered, and was a welcome change. Mlle. Rose Olitzka sang three songs, one of Schumann, "Waldegespräch"; one of Arthur Hervey, "Winter in My Heart"; and, by special request, Sekles's "Tamburin." The last suited best her dramatic style of



A MUNICIPAL GOLD CHAIN.

A gold chain has just been presented to the town of Harrogate to be worn by future Mayoresses by the present Mayor, Alderman D. Simpson. The badge bears the arms of the borough enamelled in proper colours on an oval cartouche surrounded by an open border, whilst the central link is an enamelled miniature of her Majesty Queen Alexandra. The chain is formed of alternate links connected by substantial chains, the larger links containing bosses designed to bear the monograms or names of successive Mayoresses. Mr. Ogden, goldsmith and jeweller, of Cambridge Street, Harrogate, was commissioned to supply the chain, which is the work of the well-known firm of Mappin and Webb, Limited, of Queen Victoria Street, E.C., and Oxford Street, London, W.

singing, which is varied and full of feeling. She is perhaps employing the tremolo too freely, with the result that the succeeding note is made less true. The concert began with Beethoven's Quartet in G major, made more familiar by its unconscious likeness to Mozart's No. 1 Quartet in the same key, dedicated to Haydn.

At the Promenade Concerts very few novelties are performed, but Mr. Newman gauges to a nicety the popular taste and appreciation of music, and realises that the average English concert-goer loves to hear familiar movements. It has taken him some years to appreciate Wagner and Tchaikowsky, but now he clamours for his "Ride of the Valkyries" or "Symphonie Pathétique" or "Overture 1812," because he is familiar with every orchestral effect. On Tuesday night the overture to the "Midsummer Night's Dream," Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphony, and Grieg's concerto in G minor were given. On Wednesday and Friday the Fifth and Eighth Symphonies of Beethoven were perfectly rendered.

The Playgoers' Club's scheme by which little children of the slums will be taken to the pantomimes bears first fruit on Jan. 18. On this occasion two theatres will be visited—the Britannia, Hoxton, where 3500 children will be provided for at a special matinée; and the Lyric, Hammersmith, where accommodation for 1000 children will be found.



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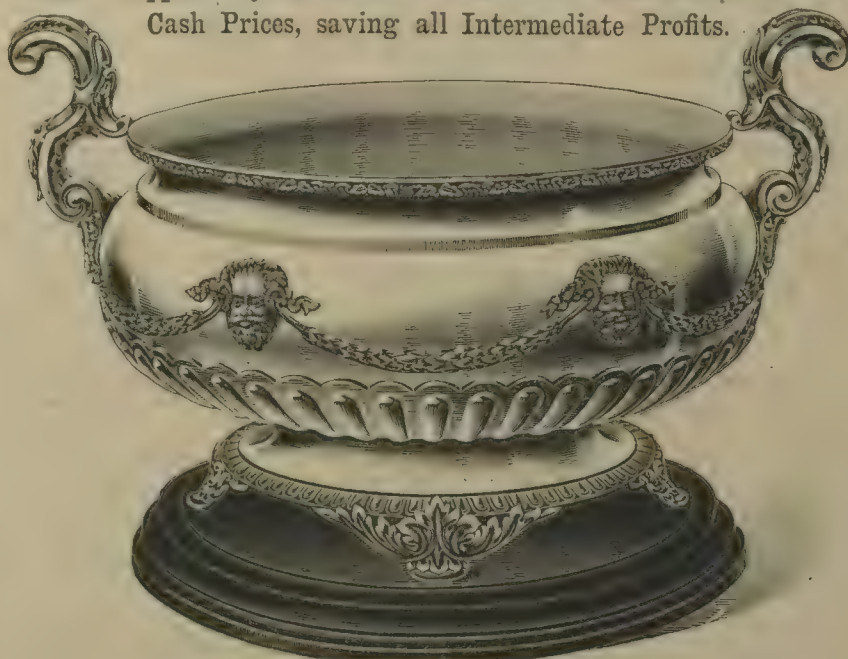
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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Bishop of London's visit to Bournemouth on the first Sunday after the Epiphany awakened much interest among visitors and residents. A fine portrait of the Bishop adorns the window of one of the leading photographers of the town. His Lordship has several times been in Bournemouth since his consecration, as he has near relatives living there.

The spring-like weather of last week brought many visitors to the ancient Christchurch Minster. This wonderful Norman building never loses its attraction for Hampshire tourists. It is now kept as warm and comfortable during the winter as Canterbury or St. Paul's Cathedral, but I can remember the time when it was cheerless and cold, like an Italian church, and when, even in Easter week, sightseers were glad of extra wraps on entering.

Hardly had Bishop Montgomery settled to his duties as Secretary of the S.P.G. when the mournful news was received that his predecessor, Prebendary Tucker, had died at Florence. Since leaving the Society's offices in Delahay Street Mr. Tucker had been travelling on the Continent for his health. The news of his death came as

a great surprise to his friends and former colleagues, as he was not known to be seriously ill. He had served the venerable Missionary Society under four Presidents—Archbishops Longley, Tait, Benson, and Temple. Much of his time was occupied in writing with his own hand letters to all parts of the mission field. It cannot be said that Prebendary Tucker's policy tended to any intimate *rapprochement* between the S.P.G. and the other great societies, especially those associated with the Nonconformist bodies. He scarcely cared to look beyond his own field, and his strength was very largely spent on administrative work. It was a real disappointment to him that the Bicentenary Fund did not reach a larger figure. His books prove that underneath his somewhat dry and formal exterior his heart was aflame with zeal for missions, and no society will ever be served by a more earnest or more conscientious official.

The Bishop of Rochester's visit to the Riviera can scarcely be described as a holiday, as he has promised to address meetings at the principal centres on behalf of his diocese. The Bishop works so hard when at home that one almost regrets to read the long list of towns in which addresses have been promised. From another point of view, it is an excellent idea to stir up the interest

of wealthy and leisured English people at these fashionable winter resorts. Many would gladly give help in money and in personal effort, if only they realised the needs of South London.

The Bishop of Carlisle has followed the growing fashion of taking winter holidays in Switzerland. He is to be absent from his diocese during the whole of January. Mr. Haweis, in the last years of his life, used to find great enjoyment in a January visit to Grindelwald, and was the life and soul of the large English party at the principal hotel.

The Bishop of Worcester is arranging with the Ecclesiastical Commissioners to be excused from living at Hartlebury Castle, and it is expected that he will settle at Worcester in one of the prebendal houses near the Cathedral. Hartlebury Castle will probably be sold. Its beautiful gardens and charming miniature park help to make it a most attractive country residence.

It is not expected that the report of the Round Table Conference can be ready before the middle of February. When Dr. Wace, the editor, has completed his work, every member of the Conference has to go over the proofs, and finally the whole must be submitted for the Bishop's approval.

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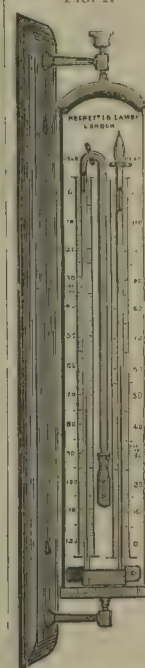


Fig. 1.—THE WINDOW BRACKET THERMOMETER, registering the extreme Heat and Cold, enabling the observer to read from Inside the House the Temperature Outside.

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FIG. 2.

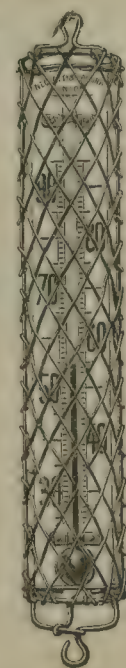


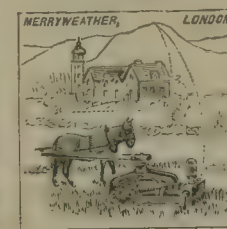
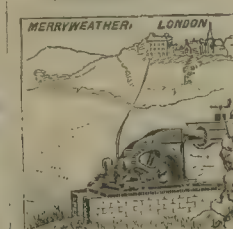
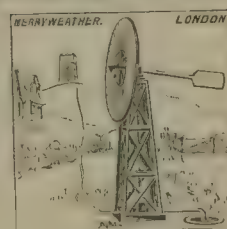
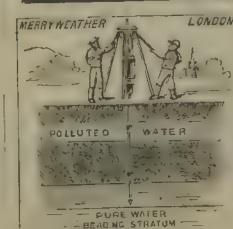
Fig. 2.—THE STABLE OR CELLAR THERMOMETER, well protected and very legible.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Dec. 18, 1900) of Mr. Ferdinand Feldenheimer, of Eudora House, Fitzjohns Avenue, Belsize Park, who died on Oct. 16, was proved on Jan. 2 by Willy Moses Feldenheimer, the son, and David Landauer, the executors, the value of the estate being £74,101. The testator bequeaths £200 and his household furniture to his wife, and £100 each to his executors. The residue of his estate and effects he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income of two fifths thereof to his wife, and subject thereto for his children in equal shares.

The will (dated March 12, 1895), with a codicil (dated July 3, 1896), of Mr. John Hall, of Waterloo, Bury, Lancashire, ironfounder, who died on Sept. 11, has been proved by Mrs. Amelia Robina Hall, the widow, and Charles Robert Scholes, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £38,145. The testator gives £200 to Charles Robert Scholes; all his shares in Robert Hall and Son, Limited, the Hope Foundry, Bury, upon trust, to pay £800 per annum to his wife; and subject thereto, as to one third each to his nephews John Howard Hall and Oscar Standing Hall, and one third between his nephews William Henry Hall and Robert Brown Hall; and the residue of his property to his wife.

The will (dated March 17, 1890), with two codicils (dated Aug. 26, 1896, and Nov. 2, 1899), of Dr. Robert

King, of Boyfield House, Moulton, Spalding, and formerly of Harley Street, who died on Nov. 25, was proved on Dec. 24 in the Lincoln District Registry by Miss Elizabeth Ann Maples, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £35,255. The testator appoints the freehold and copyhold premises comprised in his marriage settlement to his son, Robert Neal. He gives £5000 to his niece, Miss Maples; his jewels to his daughter, Margaret Christine, and the residue of his property between his son and daughter.

The will (dated May 7, 1900) of Sir Franklin Lushington, Chief Metropolitan Magistrate, of 33, Norfolk Square, and Templehurst, Southborough, Kent, who died on Nov. 10, was proved on Jan. 4 by the Rev. Thomas Godfrey Law Lushington, Major Arthur James Lushington, and Henry Venables Lushington, the nephews, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £32,457. The testator bequeaths £500 and his household furniture to his wife, Lady Lushington; £50 and a set of books each to his executors; his guns and sporting gear to his son George Henry Fitzjames; and an annuity of £40 to Jane Love Featherston. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and on her decease he gives the Parsonage Farm, Berstead, to his son Franklin; his two freehold residences at Southborough to his daughters Louisa Gertrude and Mildred Helen, as joint tenants; and the ultimate residue between all his children.

The will (dated May 7, 1901) of Mr. John Wyse Pearson, of Liverpool, who died on Nov. 11, has been proved by Mrs. Caroline Child Pearson, the widow, Charles Child Pearson, the son, and Percy Ellison, the executors, the value of the estate being £29,182. The testator gives £100 and his household furniture, and during her widowhood the income of the residue of his property, or an annuity of £300 should she again marry, to his wife. Subject thereto he leaves all his property to his children in equal shares.

The will (dated Aug. 1, 1898) of the Hon. Herbert Welbore Ellis Agar, of Stanton House, Highworth, Wilts, who died on Aug. 9 at 2, Bryanston Square, son of the second Earl of Normanton, was proved on Jan. 2 by Charles Herbert Agar, the son, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £28,530. The testator bequeaths £600, and his furniture and domestic effects, carriages and horses, to his wife, the Hon. Helen Millicent Agar; £100 each to his sister, Lady Nelson, and his brother-in-law, Lord Nelson; and £100 each to his nieces Lady Alice Mary Diana Nelson and Lady Mary Katharine Shaw. His residuary estate is to be held, upon trust, for his wife for life, and then for his children in equal shares.

The will (dated Feb. 5, 1900) of the Rev. Thomas Thellusson Carter, Hon. Canon of Christ Church, Oxford, of St. John's Lodge, Clewer, who died on Oct. 28, was proved on Dec. 24 by Miss Jane Frances Mary Carter, the daughter, and the Ven. William Henry Hutchings,

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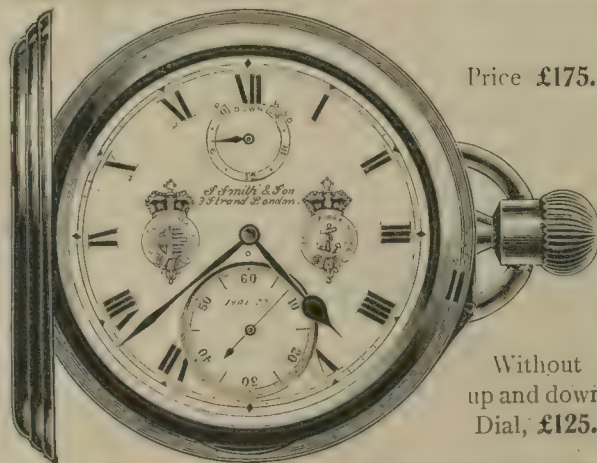
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Illustrated London News. Jan. 18th, 1902.



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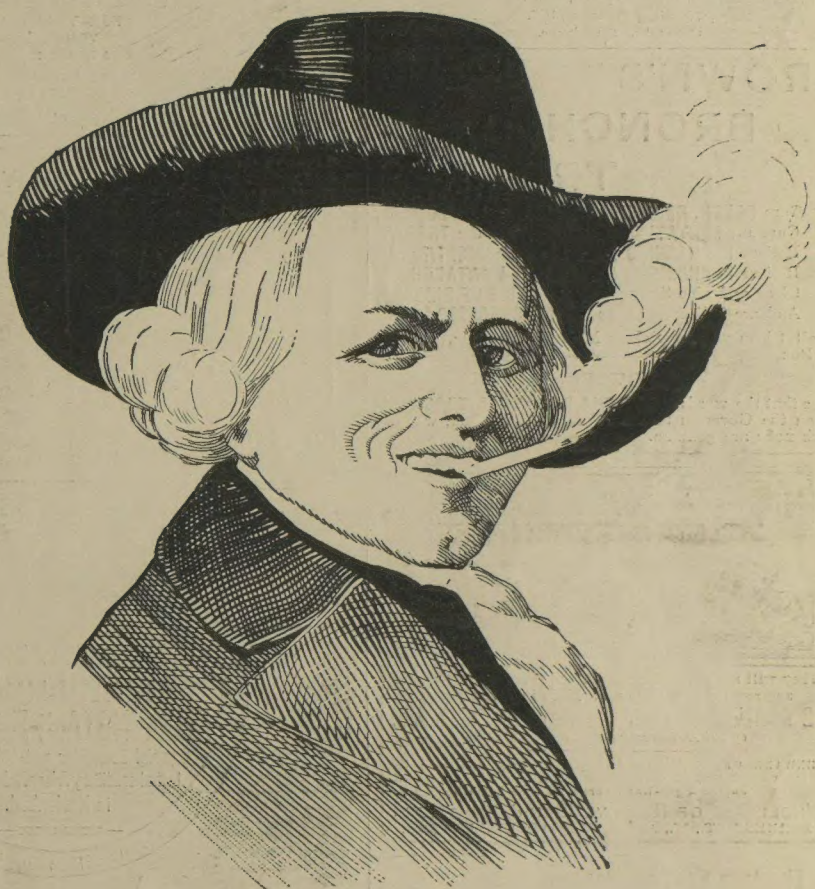
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the executors, the value of the estate being £18,894. The testator gives to his two daughters, Jane Frances Mary and Georgina Elizabeth, the St. Agnes Chapel and certain land at Spital and New Town, Clewer, £100 each, £100 as joint tenants, and his household and domestic effects; £50 each to his executors; and £200 to his nephew and godson Loranse William Carter. The residue of his property he leaves, upon sundry trusts, for his two daughters and Mrs. Isabel Mary Carter, the widow of his son Thomas John Proctor Carter.

The will (dated Dec. 31, 1891), with three codicils (dated April 8 and April 19, 1895, and June 9, 1898), of Admiral Sir William Houston Stewart, G.C.B., of 51, Hans Road, Chelsea, who died on Nov. 13, was proved on Jan. 7 by Sir Alexander Wilson, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £17,512. Under the provisions of the settlement made on his first marriage he appoints £5400 to the sons of his deceased daughter Grace; £3200 each, upon trust, for his daughters

Louise Eliza Mary and Catherine Coote, and the remainder of the funds thereof to his son Archibald William Houston. He gives his household furniture, plate, etc., and the money at his bankers to his wife, Dame Blanche Caroline Stewart; and all his real estate in Canada, with the buildings thereon and the live and dead stock, to his son. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for Lady Stewart for life; and then, as to one half, upon trust, for his son, and the other half, upon trust, for the sons of his daughter Grace.

"Who's Who" for 1902 contains more information than ever. To be precise, it has 332 pages more than the last issue. Despite its copious record, it would be unsafe to assume that the lists will not be extended in future years, and one can almost foresee a day when it will be difficult to find "Who's not Who." A great deal of space could be saved if the somewhat superfluous "Recreations" paragraph could be omitted, for in many cases

its information is foolish and affected—for example, "camera-hunting"—i.e., hunting big-game with the camera. Too often also the biography is a somewhat inept revelation of the idiosyncrasy of the subject. But, seriously, we would not be without our "Who's Who."

We have also received "Webster's Royal Red-Book" for 1902, and the "Royal Blue-Book," published by Kelly's Directories, Limited. We likewise acknowledge "Willing's Press Guide."

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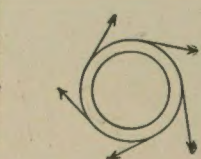
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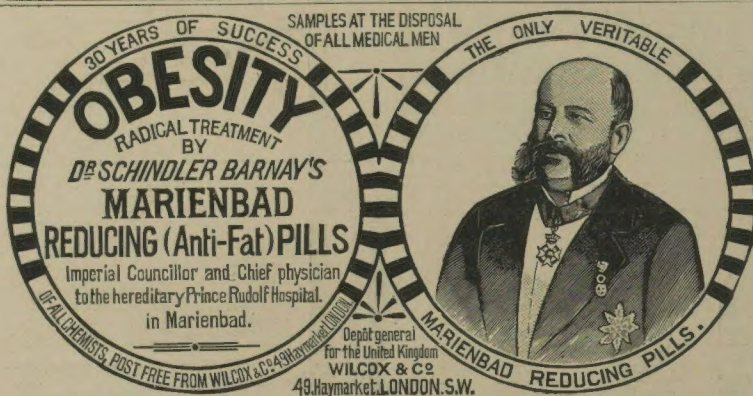
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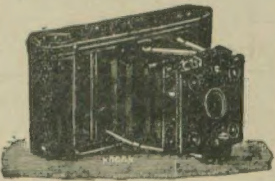
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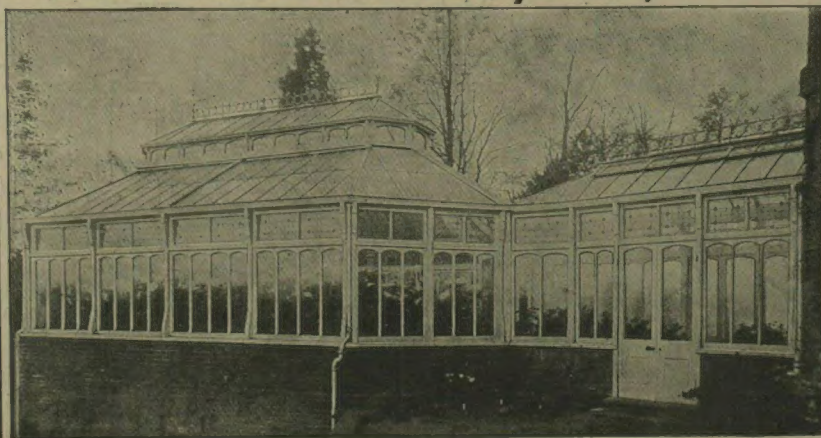
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